





It's fashion's newest flashback—nails frosted to a new kind of ice-cool blonde.

DIATINUM BLONDE



You've got to hand it to Revlon, right? Another fashion first for nails: a richer, deeper, <u>frostier</u> frost. Like molten platinum. (A far cry from that 'tinselly' type that's turned you off frosteds till now.) Pale, precious shades of blonde—every inch the ladyfinger, yet sensationally sexy. (And they wear like iron!) A fragile silver-ash blonde. A blonde with an oh-baby blush. A pale golden-beige. A tawny auburn-blonde. A blaze of shine-and-roses pink. (Prediction: We've got a 5-star hit on our hands—and <u>yours!</u>)

Platinum

Platinum

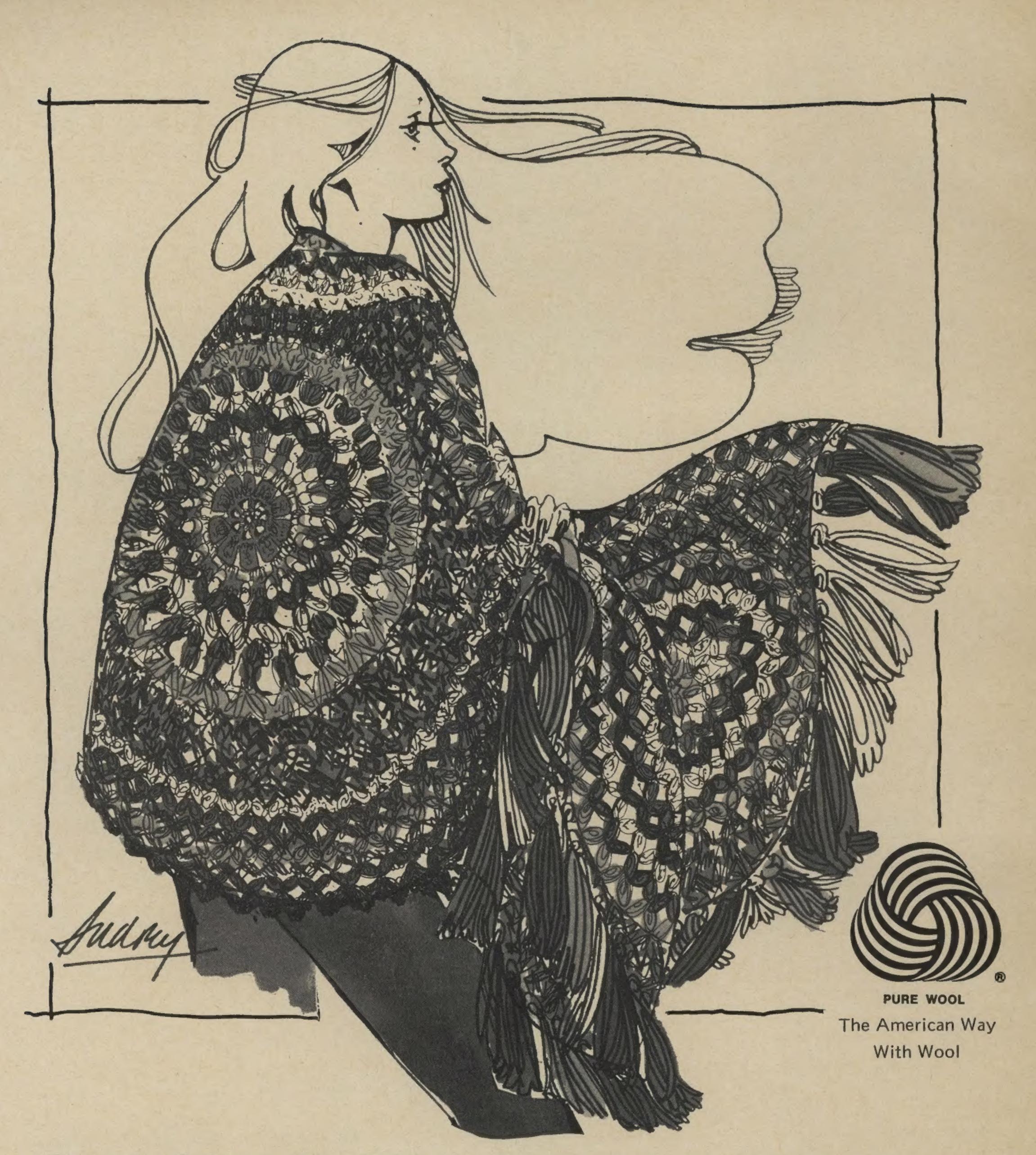
Platinum

THE SUPER-CRYSTALLINES' BY REVION

(They stay frosted through and through. Won't streak, separate or settle. We wouldn't settle for less!)

Platinum

Platinum



bigi does it WITH WOOL...IT'S GOT LIFE. It's got color. It's a love to crochet. So Bigi's busy whipping up gear that the American Wool Council picked just for her. The latest—a bright, zonky afghan fiesta from a fool-proof packet by Bernat. Kit's got it all—crochet hook, cinchy instructions and yarn—in combos of black, coral, lemon and orange...olive, rust, natural and gold...or navy, wine, gold and white. \$13 to take it, 90¢ to send it far. Bigi Does It, Sixth Floor.

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BRANCH OFFICES

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3921 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90005 Thomas J. Stewart, Mgr.

4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, Paris 7 Cyril N. Kuhn, European Manager

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ITALIAN VOGUE Piazza Castello 27, Milan International Executive Editor:

MILDRED MORTON GILBERT

MARY E. CAMPBELL Secretary

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COVER: Opening the Forecast issue, the clean, sharp, real-life look of Anne Klein's savvy new suit turnout-blazer, pants, shirt, sweater vest, in a haberdasher mix of camel-and-rust plaids and off-white. (Shown full length, page 68.) ... Carrying the real-life look upwards and onwards: a silky bounce of hair that might be coaxed into action by Preference Light Auburn, a cremein colorizer plus super-rich conditioners; and a creamy slick of Chan Tan lipstick-both by L'Oréal. Coiffure by Suga. Accessories, next to last page.

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"Birds of America"; Edward Ruscha's "A Few Palm Trees" Summer Read-In: American Women are Lousy Lovers, by Contessa Susanna Rattazzi; Is Television Messing With Your Mind? by Federal Communications Commissioner Nicholas Johnson; Last Rites for a Young Marriage, from a screenplay by Edna O'Brien; "Eating and Making Love . . . " by Quentin Crewe; Dick Cavett Talks, by Calvin Trillin; "Nudism," a story by Cesare Pavese; "A Homage to the San Francisco YMCA," a short story by Richard Brautigan; My Mother, from an Autobiography by Violette Leduc; Suffism: An Ancient Way to New Freedom, by Doris Lessing; "All of That," a Poem by Harold Pinter

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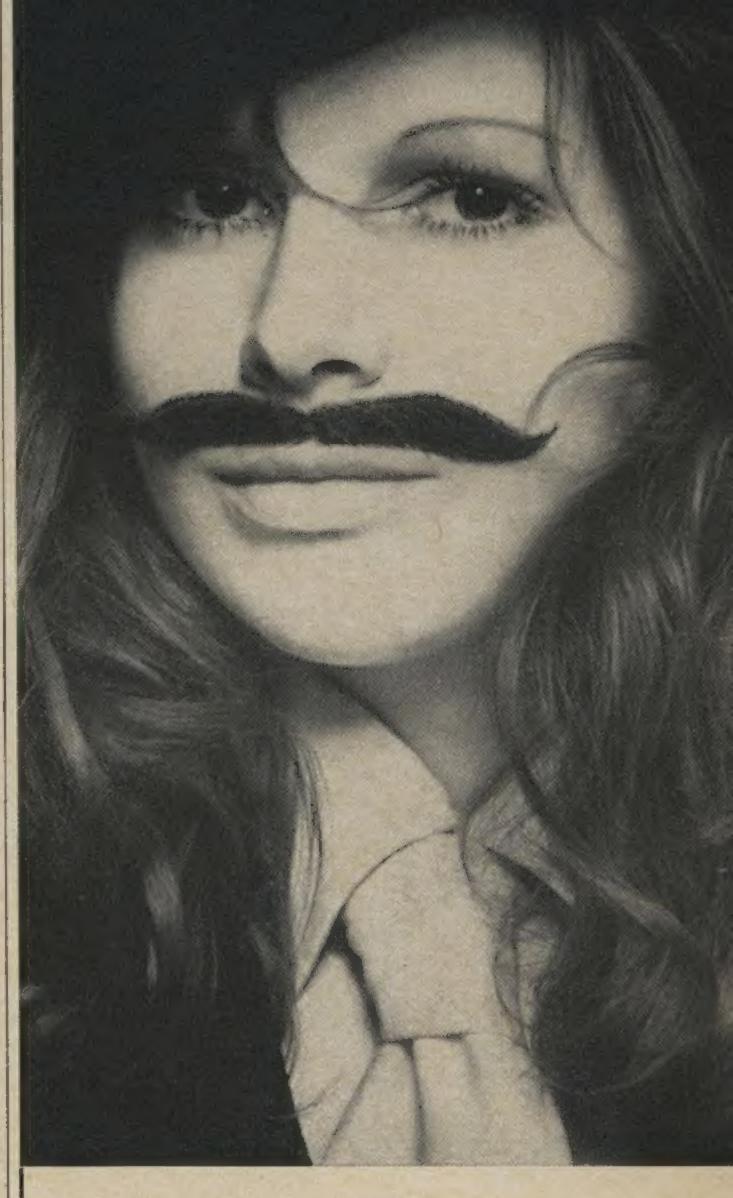
Vogue's School Directory

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Vol. 158, No. 1, Whole No. 3061

Moustaches Are Meant For Men



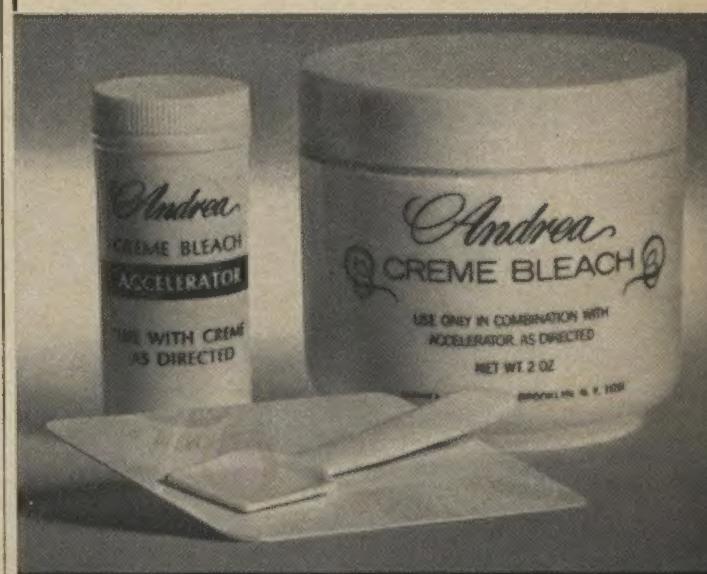
New Super-Lightener Creme Bleach Liberates Women From Unsightly Hair

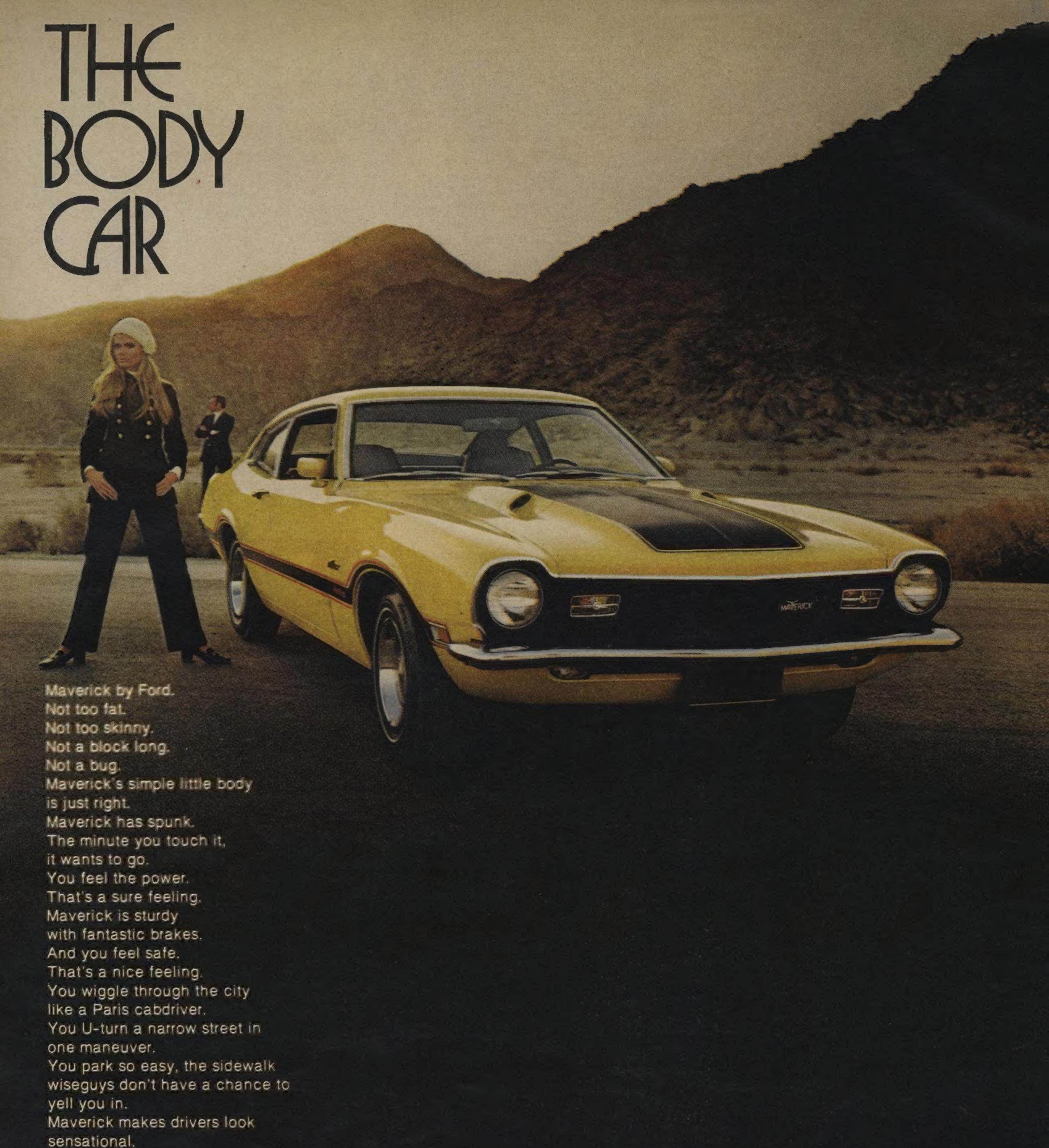
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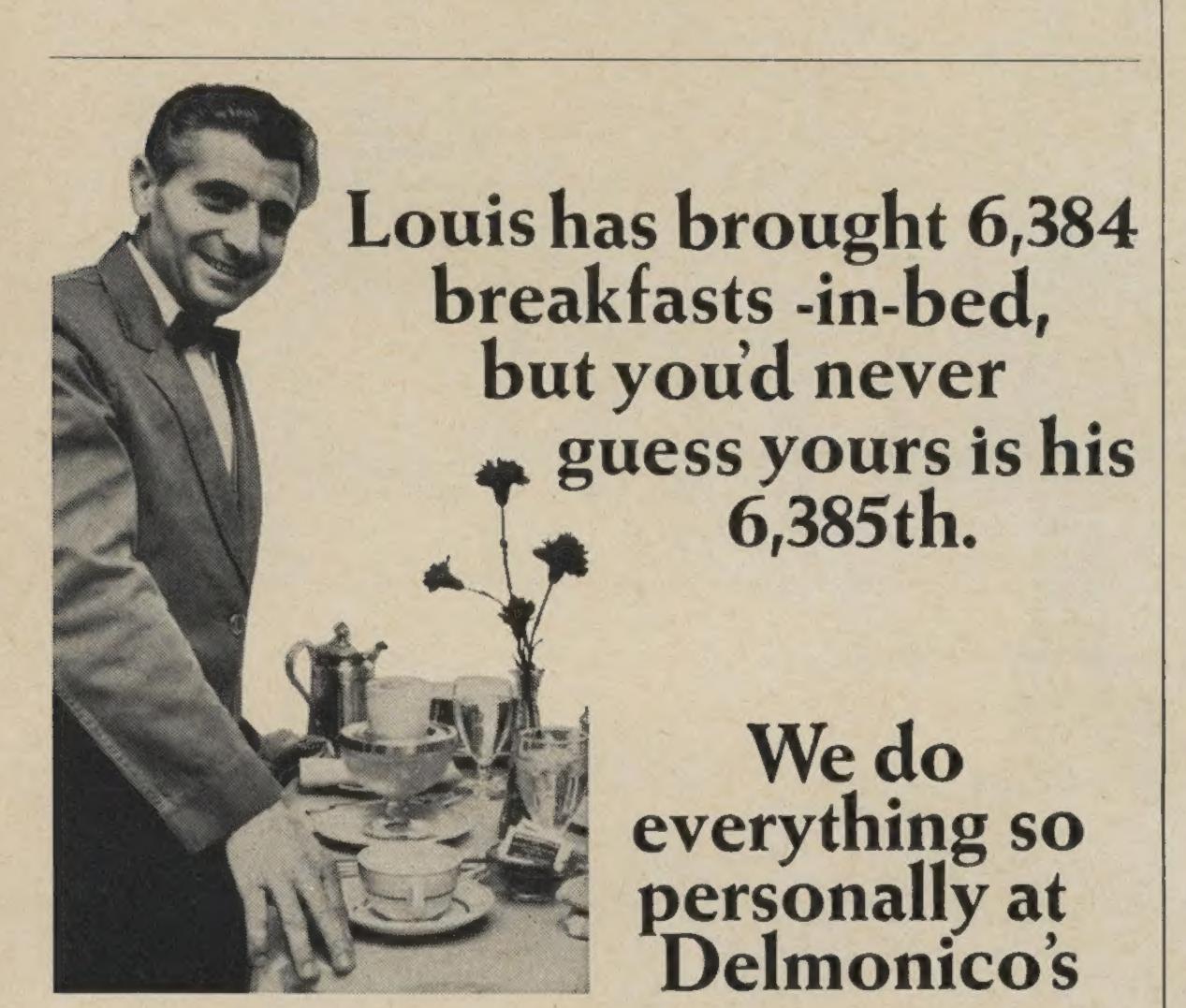
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Beady Beauty

et 'em while they're hot.... The hot issues: to color nails or not... to deepen lipshades or not. (Lots pro.) The hot tip: mascara's back, in live-in color—black raspberry, lavender, turquoise, Burgundy, navy, plum. Yum. The hot shots: read on ... all new, all nifty.

Hot paints

Gels are clinging, even when the thermometer rockets. That's why Aziza's come up with a new makeup collection of delectable gels called Crystallines, clearly one of the lightest, brightest ways to make up a summer face. There are Crystalline Eye Shadow in pairs, Gel Bronzers with built-in sunscreen, Gel Blushers for sheer glow, and three shiny Crystalline Lipcolors...all no-wilt all the way.

Crayon, sun off

Included in Charles Revson's otherwise straightforward Sun Spa Collection by Ultima II—composed of five ways to program your tan through summer—is one of the kickiest items under the sun: Sun Blocking Color Sticks. Seriously, their aim is to get in the way of the rays—solace for tender noses, lips, eye areas. At the same time, they let in every bit of fun, coming as they do in every color of the Popsicle: blue, green, violet, yellow, white. Match your bikini, maybe?

Up your batting average

The life expectancy of fake lashes has tended to depend upon how long they stayed fresh and clean. Until along came Andrea with Wash 'N Wear Lashes in all sorts of frondly styles. Just swish them about in sudsy water, rinse, let dry. They're practically as happy in water as nature's own, which means, of course, they're dandy for dashing into the surf, too.

Yeux de Givenchy

Givenchy's latest is Custom-Eye Pastels—a lacquery red patent case carrying one golden bamboo wand and six click-in eyeshadow sticks, in soft matte green, blue, mushroom, brown, turquoise, and plum. The color-of-the-day travels by handbag, the whole kit of six on trips. All very pampery and luxe.

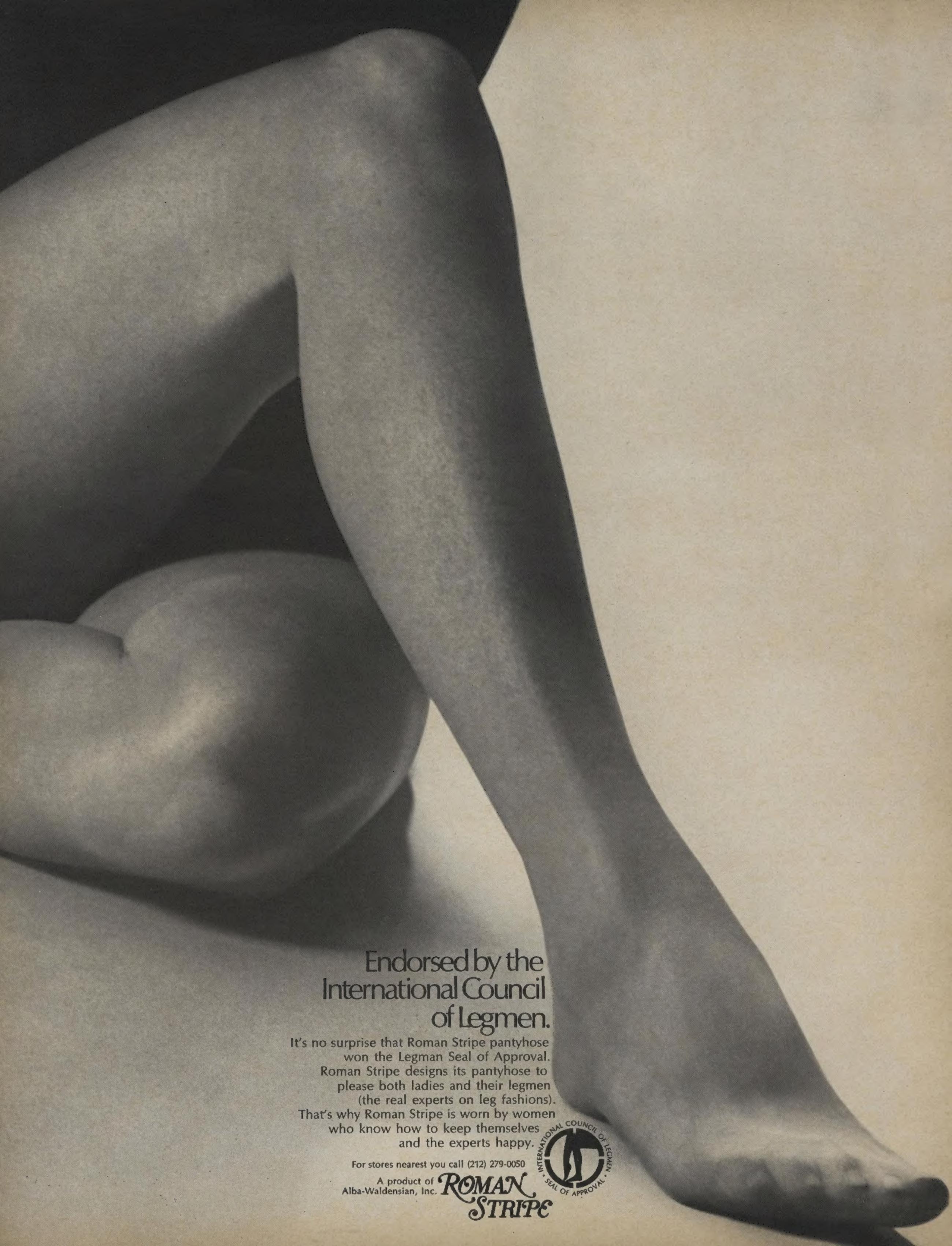
Kiss dull lips goodbye

Love that Menley & James—they've come up with yet another goodie. This one's Love's Glossy Lip Tints, new mouth-color-in-a-tube—easy as fingerpainting to slip on a bright and shiny mouth. Choose from a whole glossary of shades, eight in all. And that's the latest news on the tube. . . .

Step right up

Bare legs are one of the great things about summer—free-feeling, free-wheeling, easy and breezing about. But alas, some legs are plagued with chronic spots, visible veins, and the ilk. Irksome, but not insoluble now, with Recover, a new sponge-on cover-up lotion that comes in two shades of leg, and the shade called Tan really is—perfect color for legging it onto the beach and, for that matter, right into the waves. (More Ready Beauty, page 13)













Look for the Vogue Pattern Collection in an exciting fashion show in your favorite store.

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Beady Beauty

ummer skin—making the moist of it.... With oceans, lakes, pools, showers, water may be everywhere now but for skin there's not a drop to drink unless you give it special servings of moisturizer (the skin's lemonade) to keep it refreshed for the summer. Here, four new moisturizing combinations....

A moisture system playing scrubble

Two kinds of skin helpers come from Estée Lauder, and work together. First worker is Skimming Cream, a yellow finely-abrasive scrub—made, as cosmetic-naturalists will be glad to know, with almonds. This rubs on, skims off whatever flakiness is on the surface, brings up new skin with its finer texture and glow. Next comes a peach-colored moisturizing lotion that sinks in quickly, unstickily, helps to keep that new skin new. The skimming part, to be repeated whenever necessary—maybe once or twice a week. The moisturizer, to enjoy anytime—day, night, under makeup, under sun.

Moisture separates

Bright news for sunning a face and body—fresh from John Robert Powers who figures that since a face is more sensitive than a body, and has different skin-needs, each should have its own kind of under-sun moisturizer. And so, has produced Suntaño, a name applied to two separate preparations that come together in a little zipped plastic case—a squeeze-bottle of lotion for the body, a tube of cream for the face. (Face version is more protective, has a higher concentration of super-emollients, smoothers, softeners.) Both Suntaños contain an ingredient called Sun-olar that's activated by sun-heat on the skin, and works to give, they tell us, "a beauty treatment in the sun."

Welcome to the club

New to the moisture association (and paying its dews) is the Super-Moist set from Germaine Monteil. Made up of six different ways to keep moisturized from the chin down, with special pamperings for body, hands, feet; all, made from rich natural ingredients. Among this group of skin-silkeners are: a carbohydrate compound with a special affinity for moisture, a polyunsaturated lubricant, a fruit extract of apricots with proteins and vitamins, and a moisture mist that sprays on the body before or after bathing to prevent dryness.

Practically made to order

Available in many ways, are the moisturizers from Allercreme—a company known for their good deeds in the skin game (their products, oftener than not, are recommended by dermatologists). Take, to start with, their Moisturizing Skin Lotion—a special balance of lubricating lipids and moisturizers that seems to make skin lie down and purr. Then, for variations on this, you can have the same in a richer mixture, with more lipids for extra-dry skin. Or either of these in special formulae for extra-sensitive skin. Or—are you still with us?—any and all of these with or without scent. Each: hypo-allergenic. (More Ready Beauty, page 36)

WHAT TO DO (Continued from page 99)

music and 'dance' is performed on board, mid-July. LEBANON: The International Festival of Baalbeck, among the Roman ruins; Ella Fitzgerald, Orlando Furioso, the National Ballet of the Philippines, July 8-August 29. SCOTLAND: Edinburgh International Festival, good annual survey of what's happening with drama by British, European, and American companies; the Deutsche Oper of Berlin, the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and the Israel Philharmonic, August 22-September 11. SPAIN: Pamplona Bull Run; Bulls are let loose in the street to chase anyone brave enough to remain, July 6-20. "The Mystery of Elche," Elche; strange, primitive liturgical drama performed in the Church of St. Mary, celebrating the Feast of the Assumption, August 13-15. SWEDEN: Nyköping Festival, the performance of a drama, The Nyköping Banquet, recreates the medieval period of the castle, July. SWITZERLAND: "Wassily Kandinsky," Berne; an exhibition of watercolors at the Berne Kunstmuseum. Les Délices, Geneva; Voltaire's house with the philosopherwriter's furniture and books, now called the Institut et Musée Voltaire. A dazzling glimpse into the eighteenth century. TURKEY: The Grape Harvest in Urgup, Nevsehir; the valleys of Cappadocia are alive with the sound of music, September 13-15. U.S.S.R.: International Film Festival, Moscow; riveting films, especially those from the third world that often don't turn up again, end of July. The Russian Museum, Leningrad; a neglected hoard of truly remarkable nineteenth-century paintings, including an unforgettable room of Serov portraits. YUGOSLAVIA: The Twenty-Second Dubrovnik Festival of music, drama, and folklore; Brecht and Shakespeare, Serbian and Croatian and Macedonian folk dance, and American Alwin Nikolais on the Yugoslav seacoast, July 10-August 25.

Somebody

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Somebody has finally understood you don't have to throw away taste to look like today.



VOGUE PATTERNS

has understood me at last.

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Somebody has finally understood I can be liberated and feminine. Somebody has finally understood.





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you were a baby. Just smooth it on and let the sun do its thing. But don't overdo it. (Remember, baby oil has no sunscreens, so you should take a little less sun than with cover-up lotions and creams.) Turn on a tan, baby. And you'll turn on your hero.

You don't have to be Indian...





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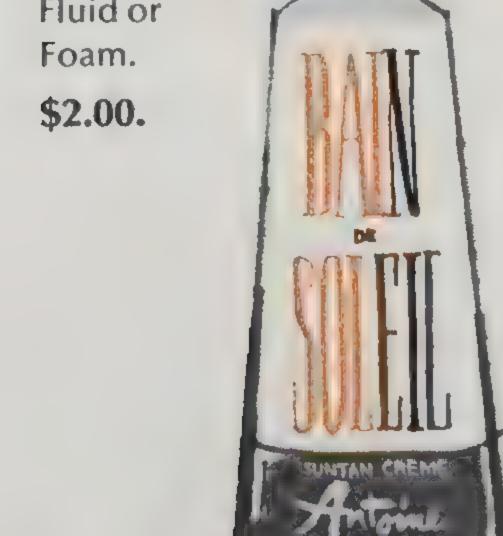


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Beauty Checkout

Gayelord Hauser:

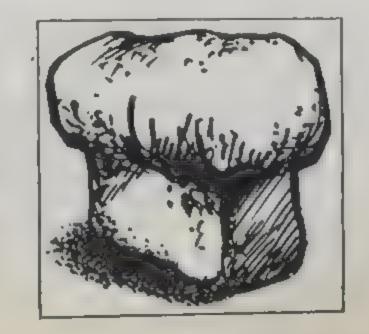
'For my toast, I want butter."

o Gayelord Hauser-the nutritionist and writer who has been telling people since 1922 how to Look Younger, Live Longer, Be Happier, Be Healthier-Garbo is "the girl who came to lunch"—a liberty he takes in tones of the affection that exists only between old friends. Although La Divina had, in fact, some sound Swedish instincts about food, Hauser introduced her to "intelligent eating" as opposed to over-asceticism. "Put me down," he said recently, "as a man who believes in healthy foods, not health foods. . . . I'm the balanced diet man, and I'm going to stick to it; I believe in staying in the middle, not in going to extremes." Food must look good, taste good, do good. "Garbo loves good food," he confided, as we basked (vicariously) in her special aura (and right there in real life) in his irrefutable charm. Six-foot-three and very trim at a hundred-andninety-five pounds, Hauser has properly silvered hair, intent blue eyes, and a quiet gem-like flame of euphoria. It's quite impossible to be put off by his famous devotion to the bean known as soy since he obviously savors the abundant life and maintains that it is perfectly possible to be an "international gourmet" and still eat intelligently. (He did us very well, choosing a luncheon that ranged from an excellent pâté to shrimp in a Newburgh sauce-"eat the shrimp and leave the *auce.") The idea, keeping balance in mind, is to stick to natural foods, fresh or cooked, but never overcooked, and whole-grain breads. "Don't stop at protein," cautions Hauser, "but you should have half as many grams of protein a day as the number of pounds you weigh." He starts his own day-in Southern California or at his house in Taormina-with a breakfast of two eggs, a slice of toast ("marvelous whole wheat plus soya flour and wheat germ"), and café au lait (half coffee, half milk). "For my toast I want butter." No two ways about that, and he has it without overdoing it, thanks to an Italian who taught him to make Sun Butter. Easy: soften a pound of butter, add an equal quantity of safflower oil; melt and amalgamate; then reconsolidate in refrigerator. Fine for cooking as well as toast.... Gayelord Hauser first learned the power of "living foods" (fresh, young, growing

who knew nothing of vitamins, minerals, and other nutrients, but did know what a fresh, healthgiving diet can do. Later, in Chicago, he began organizing the theories that have gone into his many books and lectures-and into the eating régimes of some startling beauties. He remembers seeing a newspaper ad beginning with the message, "Feed Your Bird Scientifically," and went on to specifics. "How simple," he thought. "The birdies need calcium, they need phosphorus, they need . . ." Similar rules could be devised for people. And were. . . . His present maxims we liked a lot, starting with the very first one: "People need bigger vacations." . . . "I believe in wines; I talk about them." . . . "Americans eat much too fast; give your appestat time to enjoy and be satisfied. "Spike your cooking with herbs and use half the fat you would a good idea: I take them. Then I turn on with B_{12} and turn off with B_6 ." . . . "When you give your family good food, you're creating human sculpture with your hands." . . . "There should be many simple beauty farms [and/or health spas] where people can go for perhaps \$100 a week. A beauty farm is an education; it starts you off, and then you can go on by yourself." . . . Just before we started off, we asked why he thought it had taken so long for natural healthy foods to be in high demand in this country. "Dear One, it's coming, it's coming. And we have to thank the young for that; they read everything, they read labels, and they complain if they can't have good fresh foods. Our farmers will learn and they will turn to organic farming."... As he kissed us goodbye, it occurred to us that he had actually been a folk hero in our mind ever since the New Faces lyric about the girl who never made do with less than famous men: "Har-

things) from a wise mountain man in Switzerland

ry Truman plays Bach for me . . . Gayelord Hauser sends me Vitamin D," and on the way home we picked up some organic tomatoes and a fresh loaf of vervegiving bread. (More Beauty Checkout, page 26.)





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Love's Face Gel® and Love's Cheek Gel® make your face look soft and fresh and glowing. Because all the colors from Pink to Deep Bronze are warm and natural.

LOVE'S CHERKICH ACL GEL

New Love's Body Gel™with Applying Sponge gently tints and glows all of you naturally. Because it has the fine, soft shine of beautiful skin. In 3 colors. Pink Bronze. Peach Bronze. Bronze.



Love Cosmetics by Menley & James.



The most important part of your shower should begin after you leave it

It's how soft and moist your skin should feel. Afterwards.

Maturally smooth, the way nature meant your skin to be.

Soap can't do it. Shower Fresh can.
This new creamy liquid foams on with a special sponge, leaves you and your skin feeling enormously alive.

Now you can try it, at a fantastic bargain. A 30-shower bottle (retailing for \$3.75) is yours for \$1.00.

Send in the coupon, and shower yourself a softer skin. Ever after.

Shower Fresh

The European discovery that does more for your skin than clean

Shower Fresh, Ltd. 100 Tokeneke Rd. Darien, Conn. 06820

Yes, send me for only \$1.00 (check or money order encl.) the \$3.75 (retail value) bottle of Shower Fresh and the special sponge. Send to:

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CITY______ST____ZIP_



Beauty Checkout

Motivate yourself

Ever since Mayor Lindsay closed New York's Central Park to traffic on weekends several years ago, bicycling in this city has blossomed. Families cycle together. Courtships on four wheels evolve. Bicycle-rental shops have popped up everywhere. People are buying bikes. Pedaling to work. According to The New York Times, Davis, California, has twenty-four thousand people and twenty thousand bikes. It's a university town, but could the remaining four thou' be tiny enough to plunk into a bike basket or babyseat? . . . One pair of young New Yorkers recently bought spanking white French bikes which they strap to a rack on the back of their Fiat and cart around the city and surrounding environs to insure themselves of fresh areas to explore on two wheels. Faster than walking, less nervefrazzling than driving—they see the City and more of it in a way they've never seen it before. They ride for an hour after work, like to catch the Hudson River sunset. . . . New Yorker Catherine Negroponte is a fair-haired, blue-eyed, born-in-America Greek who bicycles to her courses at Columbia University, to the Metropolitan Museum, to Bloomingdale's . . . happens to be a grandmother . . . and is in glorious shape. . . . Pedaling off (pounds, too) is irresistible: everybody's doing it, and those who don't know how are learning. One long-legged charmer who grew up in a European city where walking was the mode decided that her lack of cycling ability was getting her nowhere on tempting temperate Sundays. She turned up a genial instructor, Bob Salzman, who operates out of Central Park from morning to night teaching novices how-to. Our novice learned in four lessons and loves it: "I've found a link I didn't even know was missing —and what an exhilarating feeling of accomplishment!" Bob Salzman's lessons are \$5 per; call RE 7-4042 in New York.

Notes from aboveground

There's a very cute, bright, delightful girl who lives in New York but is just as apt to be in Tulsa if you want to reach her (she and her husband fly their own Cherokee Piper everywhere). Happily, she reports in occasionally with dibs and dabs and here's the latest. . . . Cucumber slices as hot-climate pick-me-ups: plucked from the freezer—they thaw in a twinkling—and rubbed on eyelids, temples, behind ears; great, too, for sunburn.... Girls anti the cosmetic-Establishment are doing-it-themselves: strawberry-juice hair rinse, blueberry-juice eye shadow, raspberry-juice lipstain, lemon-juice hand rinse—all used over unscented hypoallergenic moisturizer. "I've seen this work, but it takes a bit of practice to get the fruit stain without the fruit stickiness." As for legs, subtle bronzing via very strong coffee, sponge-applied. . . . A savvy gardener suggested spreading soft butter on hands, under nails, for protection while gardening; neutralizes any possible overdose of acid or base elements in soil and won't harm delicate plant roots or leaves. . . . Superest luxe of one recent odyssey was a hard-water-area friend's dumping powdered milk into the bath water. . . . Flying's a hot business, and the Evian Water aerosol is a boon for cooling faces and hands. . . . Alight on her home turf recently, intrepid aviatrix decided she'd had it with long and/or layered hair, loped off to Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon who parted her dark-amber hair in the middle and chopped it off to a swingy comfortable length just below the ears in front, to the bone of the neck in back. "I love it, don't know why I waited so long. I'm a woman and I dress like a woman, so why should I have long hair like a child?" . . . And she's off again. More later.

(More Beauty Checkout, on page 30.)

VOGUE, July, 1971



Want to lose 4 pounds fast?

Slender's nutritionally balanced program gets quick results

You, too, may lose 4 pounds the first week with Slender. Why not? Just don't backslide. Stick with 900 Slender calories a day and you'll get a thrill when you step on the scale.

Clinical study works for problem dieters

We put people, who were at least 20% overweight, on Slender for three weeks. That's four Slender meals a day, totaling 900 calories. At the end of the first week, dieters had lost an average of more than 4 pounds. During the next two weeks, losses averaged 3½ pounds a week. Many of the dieters on the program told us they were not unduly hungry and found Slender "surprisingly filling."

Low in calories, high in nutrition

Many 900 calorie diets are fad diets which emphasize one nutrient over others. But a Slender meal is nutritionally balanced. Whether it's instant Slender, mixed in milk, or Slender chilled from the can —every glass supplies ¼ of your daily recommended adult dietary allowance of protein. Plus the regular vitamins and

minerals you need, including vitamins C and B-complex.

Slender counts calories for you

With Slender, you don't have to get involved with measuring out tiny portions of this and that. And you avoid costly calorie mistakes which may undo your diet. Slender counts the calories, so you always know where you stand in the calorie battle.

How to slim down sensibly with Slender

If you want fast results to get your incentive up, go strictly Slender for a week. Then go back to other foods in diet proportions, but have your Slender for at least one meal. Whether you go strictly Slender again for another week later on depends on how much you want to lose. But you should ask your doctor before starting any program aimed at weight loss.

One thing's certain, you'll find Slender wears well in your diet. It's so rich and satisfying, and that's without artificial sweeteners. Slender from Carnation. Dieting without

nonsense.

VENICELON IS A REALLY NEW FIBER EXCLUSIVELY FOR WIGS-NOT AN OLD FIBER WITH A NEW NAME.

This exclusive, patented process of vinylic (vinyon stereoregular) hair for wigs is owned by Chatillon, a world pioneer in synthetics.

Did we say synthetic? Only a chemist could tell the difference between Venicelon and beautiful healthy hair. It's round like human hair, and textured like the finest Italian hair.

Venicelon is the most carefree hair around. Hairdryers, curlers, and sprays don't bother its subtle sheen and natural body (it won't frizz near heat). And here's a bonus — the original set of your wig can be changed to stay even through combing — if you want it back...just shampoo.



is making your newest wig old hat...



(unless, of course, it's made of Venicelon)

A fiber produced by Chatillon, Milan, established in 1918. Sold by Sinteco, Milan. For information call Leonard Amato — (212) 682-4630 New York.



Arbé Imports, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York. Available at these

Sophie E. Feltz stores.

Two piece 100% pure wool double knit shirt and striped lamé dinner skirt, made in Italy. Leather belt. Black shirt with black/ pink/ gold skirt, grey shirt with grey/melon/gold skirt. Sizes 6 to 16. About \$140.

ALABAMA

Birmingham

Odum, Bowers & White

CALIFORNIA

Santa Clara

Marcus Stevens Creek

COLORADO

DenverCates First Avenue

CONNECTICUT

New BritainBirnbaum's New Haven Esther's

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WashingtonJoan Roberts

FLORIDA

Miami BeachBarker's

GEORGIA

AugustaFrank Goldberg

ILLINOIS

UrbanaDominique

INDIANA

South BendFrances Shop IOWA

Sioux CityFishgall's

KENTUCKY St. Matthews Dwight Thomas

MASSACHUSETTS

SpringfieldMiss Kerby

MICHIGAN

AlpenaGrace Howe

MINNESOTA

StillwaterVictorian Shop

MISSOURI

ColumbiaNovus Shop

NEBRASKA OmahaZoob's

NEW HAMPSHIRE

ClaremontQueen Shop

NEW YORK

BuffaloLeRoy Ltd. DelmarTown & Tweed SchenectadyMusler's

NORTH CAROLINA

FayettevilleChristy RaleighMac Joseph's

OHIO

Cleveland

Hathaway Shaker Square ToledoFlorence Shop WarrenRoberta's

PENNSYLVANIA

BethlehemFilbron's ChinchillaSara's HarrisburgRoselle Shop JohnstownBrett's Wilkes-Barre Hollywood Shop

SOUTH CAROLINA

AndersonVogue Shop Charleston Elza's

RichmondMortimer's

VIRGINIA

WASHINGTON SpokaneBernard's

WISCONSIN

MilwaukeeLouis M. Fritzel

Dress of 100% pure wool jacquard double knit, made in Italy. Leather belt. Black/light blue,

gray/pink. Sizes 6 to 16. About \$75.

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

(Continued from page 26)

yourself

There's just too much going on to spend hours at the hairdresser's these days. Mrs. Columbus O'Donnell of Nassau would rather play tennis. After tennis, she washes her long blond sun-streaked hair in the shower, rinses like mad, then jumps into her maroon Cougar and drives home while the wind blows her hair dry. For dinner parties, she uses heated curlers for added body. . . . For Alexis Smith, soignée dazzler of Follies, it's the hairdresser's art onstage; off, another showershampooer here, too. . . . Also Mrs. John Fell of New York, who sets her hair with setting lotion and settles down under her home dryer to hone her speed reading on periodicals, bone up on her French with *Paris Match*.... Movie-starry Barbara Leigh usually wears her red-glinted dark hair pulled back and knotted; it gleams like a child's. Why? "I leave Clairol Conditioner on my hair for three to six hours instead of the suggested twenty minutes; wrap my head in plastic food-wrap and my favorite Indianprint scarf if I want to go out." . . . Meanwhile, Mrs. Burt Avedon, the former Princess Luciana Pignatelli, is whipping up her own facial masques out of the yoke of one egg, five drops of olive oil, and two or three drops of fresh lemon juice. Rinses it off after twenty minutes. It tightens, freshens, "makes me feel like a new woman." . . . And we're off to the races.

CORRECTION: In our April 15 issue, speaking of travel, we mentioned Medic Alert and IAMAT, two organizations that are useful if one needs medical attention away from home. We said that Medic Alert's service included a doctor directory. Wrong-this doctor directory service should have been attributed to IAMAT, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. To all who were misdirected, our apologies.



Practically perfect, we said.

For a year now, we've been telling you how great Teijin Teviron is. How it's new and different. Wash and wear hair with a style that stays there, till you change it. And the closest thing yet to Nature's own, only better.

Yes, that's what we've been telling you. But so has everyone else. Must be confusing.

So, unless you've worn a wig made of Teviron, please allow us to explain why we think our fiber is practically perfect.

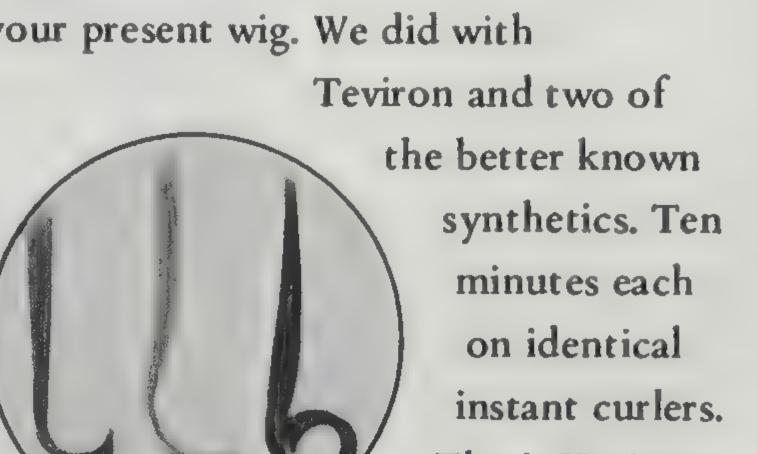
First, it is new and different. Teviron is the only synthetic wig fiber made of 100% pure vinyon and specially formulated without plasticizer. At the moment, anyway. And therein lies the basis for two of our claims. Superior curlability. And the fact that you, yourself, can change the style. Unlike the modacrylics (which are set at comparatively high temperatures and must be re-styled by a professional),

Teviron's "factory" set can be re-styled at lower temperature, about the same heat as your own head can stand. This means that you can change the style, at home with an instant haircurler if you like, and it will change - and hold through repeated brushings. We don't suggest you try instant hairsetting on your present wig. We did with

> the better known minutes each on identical That's Teviron on the right.

Texture? Look into the microscope. That's human hair on the left, with Teviron next. The other two are the other synthetic. On the luster scale, Teviron is the one right next to Nature. Not too bright, not too dull. And ultraviolet light tests proved it won't change color no matter what, because we use an uncommon dyeing process and a more expensive "stable" dye.

Oh yes, there's one more thing about Teviron. It's fun to say. "Tāy-jin Tev-e-ron!" From the laboratories of Japan's leading synthetic fiber maker.





THESE TWO WOMEN ARE REDUCING THEIR WAISTS, TUMMIES, HIPS AND THIGHS

with the Fabulous New SAUNA BELT TM



GUARANTEED TO REDUCE YOUR WAIST, TUMMY, HIPS AND THIGHS A TOTAL OF FROM 6 TO 9 INCHES IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED

out the need for dieting." Miss Penny Dix: "I used the trim-jeans just 3 times and took a total of 111/2 inches off my hips, thighs and middle-7 inches the very first day. No dieting and my figure has never looked better."

my thighs from 24 inches to 21

inches with a total overall

loss of 141/2 inches with

these wonder working

trim-jeans-and all with-

come back and my entire figure is

now firm, slender and well pro-

provement in my appearance

portioned. The overall im-

JUST A FEW:

Mrs. Gerry Rose: "Trim-jeans actually remade my figure in just 3 days. Imagine, in just 3 days, I lost 21/4 inches off my waist, 2 inches off my tummy, over 3 inches off each thigh and 4 inches off my hips. This adds up to a total loss of 141/2 excess inches."

my hips from 391/2 inches to 37 inches and

TRIM-JEANS—THE SPACE AGE SLEN-DERIZER WITH RESULTS THAT ARE OUT OF THIS WORLD. The trim-jeans are a marvel of ease, comfort and efficiency. Once you have slipped them on, you are ready for the most astounding experience in rapid slenderizing you have ever known. Only trim-jeans has the unique features of design, including the exclusive super sauna-lock that

permits the constant snug fit and solid support in all 4 areas --- waist, tummy, hips and thighs --- without which truly sensational results are not possible. We recommend that the trimjeans be used a few minutes each day for 3 days in a row when you first receive them and then several times a week until you have achieved your maximum potential inch loss. After that, for maintenance you can use the trim-jeans about twice a month or as often as you feel the need.

THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY GUARANTEE IN SLENDERIZING

HISTORY. So many users of the trim-jeans obtain 'instant reducing'— are inches slimmer, inches trimmer in from just 1 to 3 sessions with this super slenderizer—are actually losing as much as a total of 7 or more inches from their waists, tummies, hips

© Sauna Belt Inc. 1971, P.O. Box 3984, San Francisco, CA 94119/Pats. Pend.

Here is how it works:



Mrs. Jean Wennerstrom has slipped into her trim-jeans and is inflating little pump provided. She is now ready to perform her 'Magic Torso' movements, an exercise program designed specially for trim-jeans.



After a few pleasant moments-about 10 minutes or sodoing her 'Magic Jean is now relaxing for an additional 20 minutes while keeping her trim-jeans on. That is all there is to it.

Jean checks her

'after' measurements. Remarkable! Jean lost 11/4 them with the handy Torso' movements, inches from waist, 11/4 inches from tummy, 11/2 inches from hips, 31/4 inches from thighs for a total measurement loss of 71/4 inches in just 1 brief session.

used the trim-jeans for just a few minutes each day for 3 days and lost 21/2 inches from my waist, 21/2 inches from my tummy, over 2 inches from my hips and almost 3 inches from each thigh—which had always been my most stubborn area. There were no diets to follow and trimjeans made it fun, easy and incredibly fast. I'm absolutely thrilled with the way my figure

and thighs in just 1 session and up to 16 or more inches from 3 sessions. This principle produces really fantastic results. There may be variations of speed and/or degree of results due to individual differences in metabolism and

looks now."

body response. Not everyone may lose 7 inches in just 1 session and 16 inches in 3 days but remember this: No matter what your metabolism, no matter what your body type, if you do not lose a total of from 6 to 9 inches from your

waist, tummy, hips and thighs in just 3 days, you may return the trim-jeans and the entire purchase price will be immediately refunded.

THE AMAZING TRIM-JEANS TAKE OFF INCHES WHERE THEY NEED TO COME OFF. Your trim-jeans are designed to give you just the reducing effect you need where you need it ... and the price of the trim-jeans is just \$13.95 and each pair carries a FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Here is the sienderizer supreme—trimjeans—which we sincerely believe to be the easiest, fastest, most convenient, most sensationally effective waist, tummy, hip and thigh reducer

ever dis-
covered—with the most revolutionary guarantee in slenderizing history. So if you want trimmer, slimmer, sleeker measurements and you want them now, pept. Landerstanding history. So if you want them now, hips we may not and money trim-jeans and you want them now, send for your trim-jeans are program. hips we my lete in size and thing and the program and receive and money order each trim-jeans today. JEANS. P. O. Sauna Program and receive and money order each trim-jeans today. JEANS. P. O. Sauna Program and money order each trim-jeans today. Nomen want trim-jeans and money order each trim-jeans and money order each trim-jeans today. Nomen want trim-jeans sauna program and money order each trim-jeans today. Nomen want trim-jeans sauna program and money order each trim-jeans and money o
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VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN LIVING



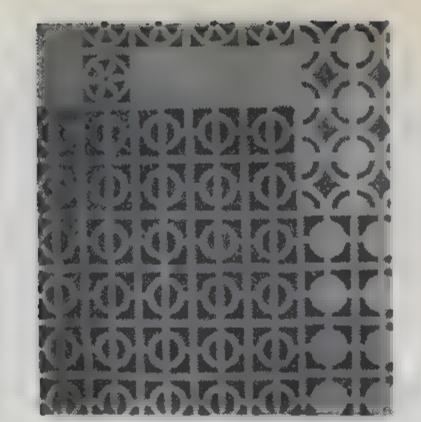
1. Superloop . . . it's a sofa, a giant chair or bed

Luxury decorating,

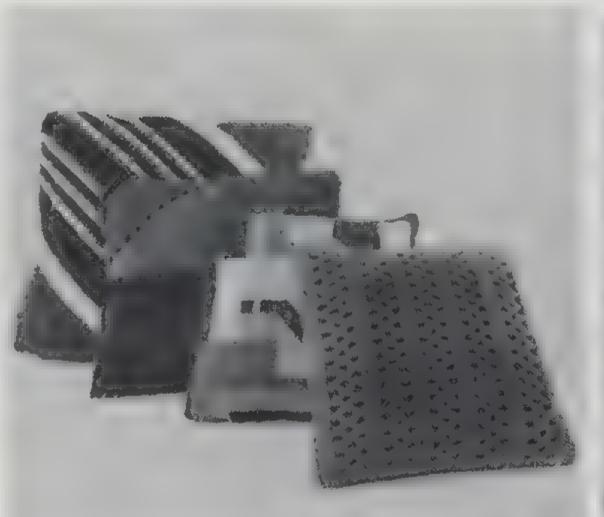
made to order,

inspires

DO II YOURSELE



6. Stencil patterns for floors, paneling, solid shutters

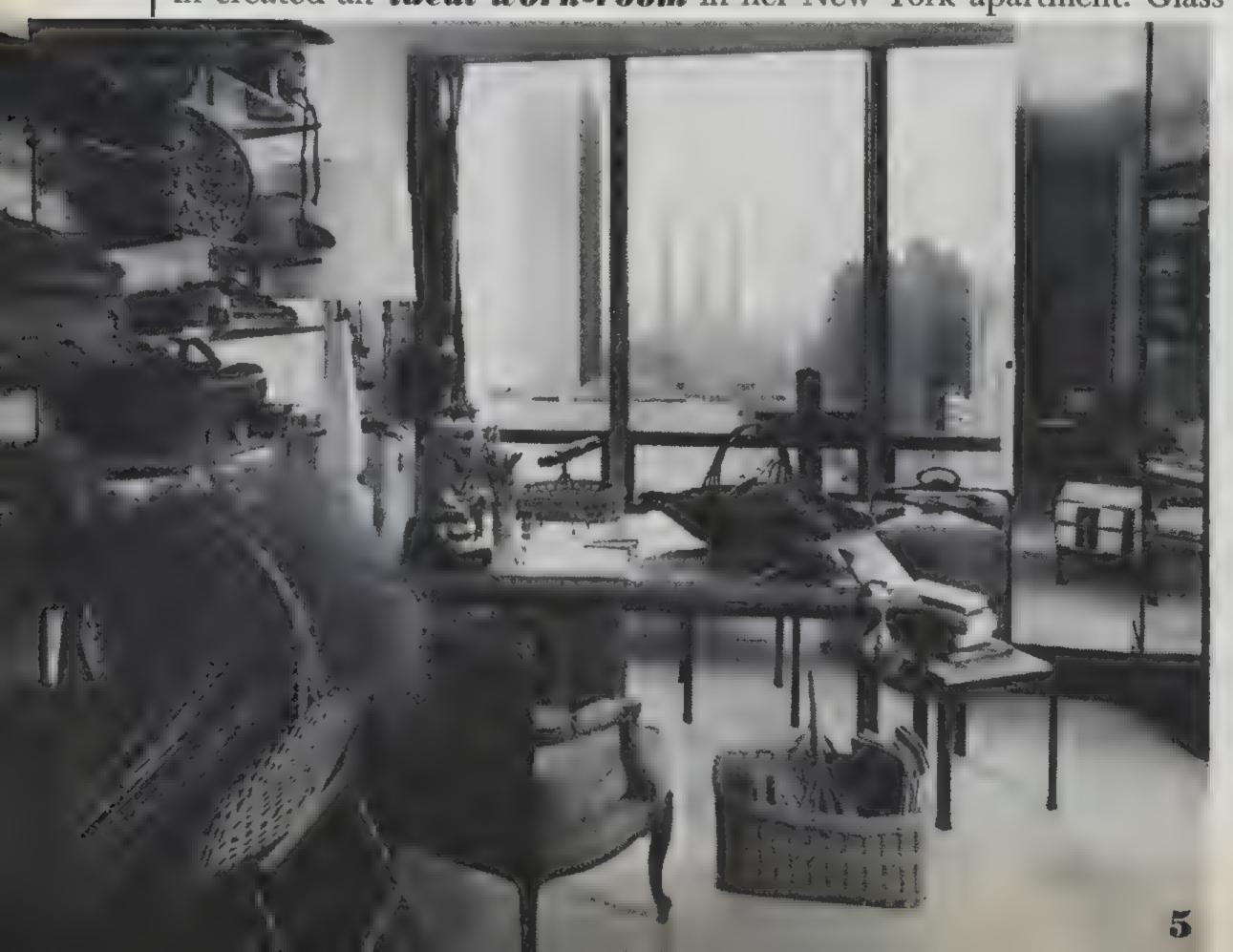




1. Twist tubular Superloop into any shape. Kapok-and-foam filling. In corduroy, 7 yds., \$185; 12 yds., \$350. By Miller Keneas Sofa, at Bloomingdale's, N. Y. 2. Small pillow ideas to make: Knitting done in stripes. Step-By-Step Knitting by Mary Walker Phillips (Gold-

en Press, \$2.50), explains all. Fleming Joffe suède patchwork. Kit, \$12, Altman's, N. Y. Marcia Podell's Plush Point, a great new needlework look. Kit, \$16, Macy's. Step-By-Step Macramé, by Mary Walker Phillips, \$2.50, explains the fourth pillow. 3. Shown, trimmings and tassets to duplicate in knit or macramé. By Conso, at department stores. 4. A boring secretary became a treasure when California designer Tony Duquette decorated it for Lady Mendl. Try décou-

page to make treasures. Manning on Découpage, by Hiram Manning (\$10, Hearthside Press), tells how it's done. 5. Designer Bonnie Cashin created an ideal work-room in her New York apartment. Glass

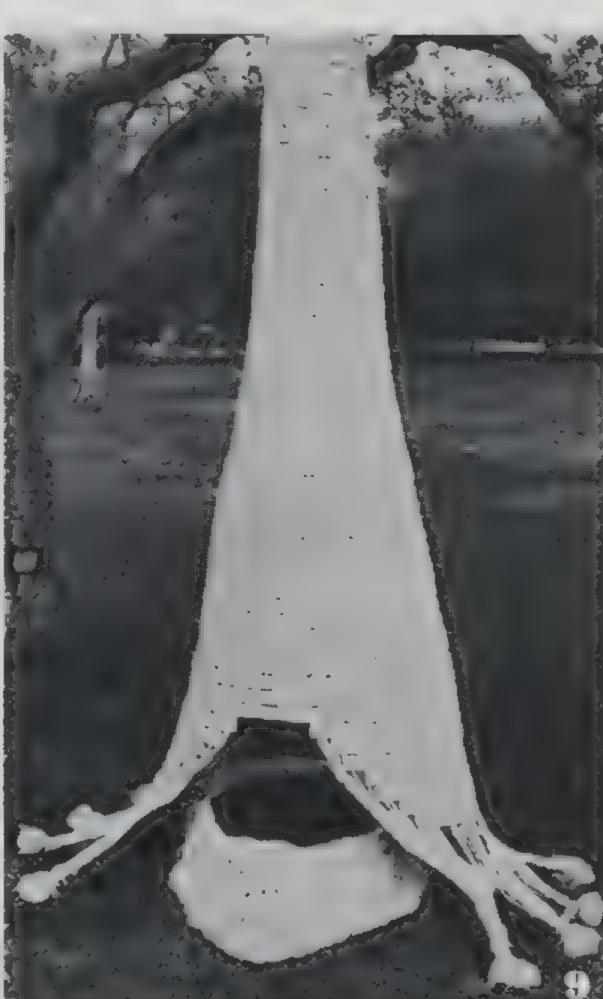


shelves and baskets hold everything needed to work. Note bulletin board, the big table. 6. Four stencils, designed by artist Cile Lord, just circles drawn with a protractor. Early American Stencils, by

Janet Waring (Dover Publications), \$3.75, shows how to do stenciling. 7. Potted topiary is a rewarding gardening art, involves a shaped wire frame, green plants to train over it, and time for them to grow. Frames and instructions: Spaeth, 2516 12th St., Long Island City, N. Y. The seal with ball, shown here, \$40, Terrestris, 767 Fifth



Ave., N. Y. B. Macramé, the art of creative knot tying making fashion news now, is seen in an ice cream chair by Julio Tubal Jr., a hit at the Museum of American Folk Art show in New York. 9. Soft fireplace,

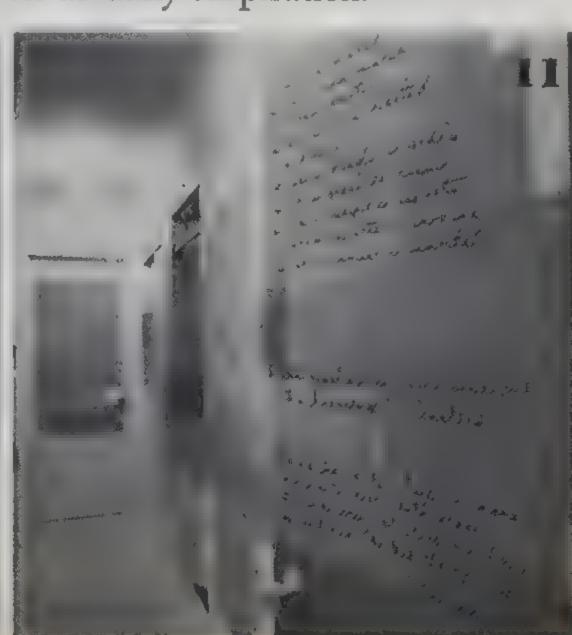


macramé asbestos fibers, tied by Bonnie Mac Gilchrist, works at the Pasadena Art Museum California Design II show. More do-it-yourself ideas: Make a needlepoint rug or pillow in Lou Gartner's Malachite design. Kits at Nantucket Needlery, Nantucket Island, Mass. Or join a class in 18th-century techniques of painting furniture, at the Isobel O'Neil Studio-Workshop, 177 E. 87th St., N. Y., in October. 10. A dream dressing room was done for designer Bill Blass by N. Y. decorators Mac II. Brown-and-white printed duck by the Tillets makes curtains, covers walls, radiator, floor. Topcoats of clear polyurethane paint surface the fabric floor. 11. Designer Bonnie Cash-

in furnished a narrow hall

with a patchwork of water paint in her favorite colors, on the walls, wrote on each a favorite quotation as daily inspiration.





DAVID MASSEY

How do you rate on this fashion sewing quiz?

- 1. What is the one sure method for setting in a smooth, neat sleeve?
- 2. Would you match seamlines or cutting lines when laying out an even plaid?
- 3. On which fabrics should you put zippers in by hand?
- 4. Should you use tailor's tacks or a chalk pencil to mark delicate fabrics?

5. When choosing a fabric, would you know the difference between "Sanforized" and

"Pre-shrunk"?

6. Is batiste or crepe better for lining a lightweight knit?

7. What are the best buttonholes for soft, delicate fabrics?

8. Which kind of thread is best for sewing knits and permanent-press fabrics?

9. How can you remove oily stains from silk?

The Vogue

Do you?

ner and the expert.

Sewing Book

has all the answers.

- **10.** What do these two symbols $\triangle \square$ mean on a pattern piece?
- 11. What style details can make a short woman look taller?
- 12. How can you ensure that pleats will lie flat?
- 13. If you've never sewn with leather, what fabric has similar qualities for experimentation?

14. How do you alter the waistline on a pattern without affecting the hipline?

15. How can you keep jeweled or rough-edged b u t t o n s from snagging your fabrics?

16. If you love tweeds, but are slightly heavy, how can you use them?

Fill in and send to:
THE VOGUE SEWING BOOK
Box 950, Altoona, Pa. 16603

In Canada send to: P.O. Box 4042, Terminal "A". Toronto 116, Ontario

- ☐ Yes, send me THE VOGUE SEWING BOOK for a 10 day free home trial.
- Enclosed is my payment of \$______for______books at \$15.00 each. Residents of N.Y., Calif. and Penna. should include sales tax. (We pay postage and handling.) Same return privilege, of course.

Make payable to THE VOGUE SEWING BOOK.

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□ Send my free Vogue Fitting Shell Pattern. Available

in Misses' 6-20; Women's 38-42; Half-size 101/2-221/2.

My pattern size is_____.

Get famous Vogue Fitting Shell Pattern as a gift.

the high cost out of high fashion.

(Yours free with 10 day trial order of The Vogue Sewing Book.)

As good a sewer as you may be, we'll bet the new 464 page

Edition of The Vogue Sewing Book will still give you valuable

new information. It's the ultimate authority in fashion sew-

ing—a whole sewing school in one book for both the begin-

spot removal chart for all fabrics; complete information on

linings and underlinings; special layout guides for unique

fabrics. And it shows you how to give the clothes you make

that priceless look of fine designer originals—while taking

In addition—it gives you a complete figure analysis;

VOGUE, July, 1971

35

DM 0707

Introducing the first menstrual product that doesn't absorb anything.

It's called
Tassaway®
A little cup
that collects
your menstrual
flow rather
than absorb it



And because
Tassaway
collects more
than tampons
or napkins
absorb, you
don't have to

like tampons or napkins do. And designed to give you the kind of internal protection other menstrual products can't. With Tassaway, there's no more worrying about getting to the ladies' room before there's an accident. No more bulky pads, belts or pins to put up with. No more cardboard and strings. Tassaway is made of a smooth, pliable material that is softened by body heat. So once you fold it and insert it, it conforms to the shape of your inner body. Which means there's change it as often. Even on your heaviest days.

Tassaway is the first thing to come along in thirty years that isn't a tampon or napkin.

It's so new and different that the whole idea might seem a little strange to you.

But if it works better than what you've been using all these years, and we give you your money back if you don't think it does, isn't it worth a try?



© Tassette, Incorporated, Beverly Hills, California.

no chance of any leakage.

JANET SHOOK DESIGNS Needlepoint Brochure \$2.00

Or any odor.

6700 N. New Braunfels
San Antonio, Texas 78209



Representatives in Midland, Dallas, Tex.; Baltimore, Md.; Davenport, Iowa; Atlanta, Ga.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Roanoke, Va.; Brecksville, Cincinnati, O.; Omaha, Nebr.; Tequesta, Fla.; Waverly, Pa.; Jacksonville, N.C.; Borrego Springs, Calif.; Milwaukee, Wisc.; Rochester, N.Y.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Palm Desert, Calif.

- Ready Beauty

Straw hat circuit

The happy wearers of Straw Hat—that fresh-faced, sunny scent—will be happier knowing there are now more Straw Hat-tricks: the same famous fragrance in various other forms, packed up in bright pretty kits. One, done up in a cheery yellow vinyl box (that could house facial tissues later), holds cologne, bath powder, soap, stick deodorant. Another kit combines spray cologne with a bigger box of bath powder—this, boxed in a splatter of pastels on silver paper. Either, great to have—or to give a summer-weekend hostess. By Fabergé.

Air she goes

Long or short, glorious shining hair often signals one of the blow-and-go girls—you who do your own (sensational) hair with nary a thing but hand-held dryer and brush or comb. To make your life—and your hair—even niftier, Lady Schick has put together Air Styler, a high-powered hand dryer and three snap-on attachments in matching blue case. The directional dryer zooms in on wayward strands, works with comb to smooth a set, tame loose ends. Or click in the curved brush and wrap yourself a curl, then fluff and buff to a polished finale. In half the time, too—there's a great big motor to whiz you from blow to go. . . .

Where to take your face

We read their quarterlies, see their flicks, rock to their rock. And now, all over America, we can emulate those clear, clean, glowing British complexions. Cyclax of London, an establishment that for nearly 75 years has carried out a gloriously successful complexionconservation program against some of the world's smoggiest odds, is expanding the American beauty crusade with more Face Places to supplement the well-known Cyclax salon on Madison Avenue. Daily home care is encouraged too, with all manner of hypoallergenically pure preparations. Three that illuminate all skin types: Braceine, a zesty rinse that tones, tautens; Avocado Night Cream for acid-alkaline balancing; and Special "O," richly stimulating massage cream for night-time or bath-time absorbing. As in London and Madison Avenue, facials are by appointment at the new Cyclax Face Place at Bonwit Teller-a salon-in-miniature where complete complexion courses are charted in an almost hedonistic atmosphere of relaxation and charm.

Hair's a little help

Historians devoting a paragraph to fashions c. 1971 may be hard pressed to define the hair styles of the period. Did we wear it long, short, straight, curly, waved, pulled back, pulled up? Defining it will be their concern; caring for our widely varied hair styles is ours. Johnson Products Company provides several ways: hair cosmetics for any and all kinds of care and conditioning. If your hair is naturally curly, it might benefit from the Afro Sheen group. And if keeping gloriously healthy hair is your concern, you might pick from the Ultra Sheen collection: The cream shampoo, for example, rich with lanolin, that conditions as it cleans squeaky clean; and the Condition and Hair Dress, with concentrated cholesterol, that discourages dandruff while it encourages lustre. Both the Afro and Ultra Sheen do-gooders contribute to the one thing that is always in fashion: shiny bouncing hair that swings with the times.

"Thanks to my LaSalle training I became the interior decorator for a leading department store."—Mrs. Joan Koston, Mentor, Ohio

"Enrolling in LaSalle's decorating course was an inspiration. Your training helped me develop my own successful gallery of art for decoration. I've enjoyed increased earnings and recognition beyond my dreams. I'm so proud!"—Lucy Kovesi, Town Gallery, New York, New York



"I have formed my own company ... also have an associate to work with me. We are doing offices, private homes and model home complexes."—Mrs. Patricia Meine, Palos Verdes Estates, California

They turned their love for decorating into a dream career

Why don't you? Free booklet tells how LaSalle helps women train for success as professional interior decorators. You can learn at home in your spare time.

There are few professions today that offer more pleasure or greater rewards to an imaginative woman than interior decorating. It is an ideal field where you can put your good taste to practical use.

The women you see pictured on this page are only a few of the many who are now on the happy road to success in a decorating career. Why don't you become a professional decorator?

You may be one of those with unsuspected talent for this fascinating field — talent just waiting to be developed.

You can now train for a decorating career at home, in your spare time. No previous skills or experience are required for this training. You can prepare for a variety of positions leading to fine salaries — or plan to go into a profitable business for yourself. Why not look into the many opportunities that interior decorating offers you?

A tremendously expanded field

Decorators are now used to beautify homes, hotels, business offices, building lobbies, clubs and institutions. That's why the profession has grown so enormously.

The work of a decorator is varied and interesting. It frequently takes you and your clients into smart showrooms and exclusive shops filled with treasures. You move in a world of fashion, creativity and ever-new challenge.

Designing and furnishing even a single room may earn a decorator hundreds of dollars; larger assignments much more. Many women do extremely well in just part-time work; their own homes often serve as showcases for prospective clients.

What the LaSalle course teaches you

The LaSalle Course in Interior Decorating has been prepared to give you comprehensive preparation for this exciting modern career. Lessons come to you by mail; they are as enjoyable as the professional work itself. Much of the study material included is unusual in a course of this kind. For instance, you get an attractive, simple-to-operate slide projector with color slides that show interiors almost as big as life on your wall. You also get professional sketching equipment, coloring materials, stencils that make it easy for you to draw room plans and furniture arrangements, and much more.

Step by step, you are shown how to develop your creative ability. You are taught the principles of color and design, trained in the selection and use of furniture, fabrics, accessories, lighting. You learn how to achieve beautiful settings for any kind of room. Even before you have finished the course you will be able to apply your new knowledge to glorifying your own home.

At each step you are given practical assignments which are then carefully reviewed by your instructors and returned to you. You are well prepared for your work as a professional decorator.

Mail attached card for free booklet

More than 2,000,000 people have enrolled in LaSalle's home-study programs. If you are seriously interested in a decorating career send for LaSalle's beautiful free booklet which tells how you can get started. (You may be surprised by the low cost of the course.) LaSalle, 417 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

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You will enjoy reading this attractive booklet. It's free.	Please mail me your free illustrated booklet "Your Career in Interior Decoration," describing the LaSalle home study course.
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A superb outfit cut with exactness. A solid ribbed blouse and a skirt with a slit front in an intricate plaid design. The lavish cape, reversible, picks up the solid of the blouse on one side, the plaid of the skirt on the other.

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Hum-raiser Do-it-yourself party in Chicago

High above Chicago, ninety-five flights up in the John Hancock building, a party to fund a children's ward, given by the Junior Auxiliary of the Rehabilitation Institute of Chicago, soared. The Singer Company staged a show of fashions sewn on their machines from patterns by Hubert de Givenchy, Yves Saint Laurent, Chuck Howard, and Emilio Pucci. After dinner, dancers cut out to the Gabor Brothers band, admired one another's gear—prizes from the auction and homemade dresses.























1. Dr. and Mrs. Henry B. Betts. (He is medical director of the Rehabilitation Institute.) 2. Mrs. John H. Strothman. 3. Mrs. Bernard R. Boak. 4. Mrs. Donald C. Hannah, Mr. Potter Palmer. 5. Mrs. William C. Bartholomay. 6. Mrs. Potter Palmer. 7. Mrs. Stanford J. Goldblatt. 8. Mrs. Thomas E. Donnelley, II; Mrs. C. J. MacKenzie, junior. 9. Mrs. William N. Wood-Prince, junior; Mrs. Henry X. O'Brien, junior. 10. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Prince, IV. 11. Mrs. N. Tieken Wheelock, Mr. John W. Weber.



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New York



Los Angeles

VOGUE'S

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

FROM JULY 1 THROUGH JULY 31



NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER, Governor of New York, was born July 8, 1908, in the sign of Cancer. On his chart, Cancer, which is also the United States' sign, holds five planets; and four of these match the four that our country has in that sign. This points to a natural affinity for governing. His is the sign of the

cosmic parent, one who wants to protect and comfort those he has chosen to serve. Three Fire signs indicate love and enthusiasm—with the planet of government, Saturn, in a good aspect to the planet of judgment, Jupiter, providing insight and administrative abilities.

ARIES, March 21-April 20. This sign rules the head. There is a tendency to fill your mind with daring imaginings, yet the result must be practical. To others the ideas seem impossible. Your vigorous energy must be put to work quickly, or it may be dissipated before the spade work is done. Mars, your ruler, is in a strong sign all this month, gambling mightily with the history of the country. Aries people are in the foreground.

TAURUS, April 21-May 21. Your dominant will may make you seem obstinate; once your vitality is engaged, momentum gathers, and nothing turns you from the course short of your purpose. Dreamy idealism does not mislead Taurians. This month tests your practicality in communication, opinion, or action. You meet resistance on all sides. Plans are held up. The action seems entirely in the hands of others. Remain patient.

GEMINI, May 22-June 21. When Gemini seems irresponsible or vague in intention, it may be that convictions have not yet formed. Being dual, you work best when you have two urgent motives—each one adds excitement to the other, both become more important. During the whole month, Mars, planet of reality, in an Air sign, will stimulate your mind and give you the needed impulse to complete at least two ventures.

CANCER, June 22-July 23. Your contented and easy-going disposition contradicts your tenacity. Once an idea is established, it becomes the past and so gives security to Cancer, who loves the old and known. Innovation or exploration takes too much energy. After the first week, you enter a social time of communication and popularity. Jupiter, planet of luck, in a friendly sign, gives opportunity for important commitments.

LEO, July 24-August 23. Leo's "presence" comes from vitality and strength of constitution. You shed your sunniness on all, with a tremendous zest for life that would tire the less energetic —they may find you too masterful. (Continued on page 44)



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Christmas Cards FROM The Metropolitan Museum of Art

The new catalogue of famous Metropolitan Museum of Art Christmas cards — an unparalleled selection of paintings, drawings, goldsmiths' work, stained glass, sculpture, frescoes and graphics ranging across fifty centuries. Tunusual Museum Christmas presents include exact copies of ancient jewelry in gold and silver, sculpture, rare early American glass, and the new en-

ZIP

gagement calendar, Parlors and Palaces, and the address book, Flowers for All Seasons. The cards are priced from 10 to 35 cents; the Christmas presents from \$2.50 to \$150. They can be bought only by mail or at the Museum itself. Send the coupon below to reserve your copy of the 56-page color catalogue to be mailed about September first.

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255 Gracie Station, New York 10028	G1
Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25	5 cents enclosed
Name	
Address	

VOGUE'S Continued from page 42 HORDEOSCOPE

You are a tireless worker, especially when the authority is in your hands; and a strong sense of honor binds you to a promise. After the first week, there is a test of wits. You will be on trial until the new moon.

VIRGO, August 24-September 23. While you do not doubt the existence of a spiritual realm, your attention is drawn to daily facts with little time to enjoy or explore the unseen. Virgo rules adjustment; even in your daily routine protocol is observed. When you appear relaxed, you keep your unconscious reserve. This is a good month for travel to spread your ideas or for receiving communications that can be used successfully.

LIBRA, September 24-October 23. A sense of justice is innate in Librans. If you feel that you have been imposed upon, you turn noncommunicative, cut the offender off. Ideologically you do not choose a single idea, but look for the best in several, making your own balance. A reluctance to make decisions is an avoidance of responsibility. This month, money matters are booming; but friendships go off course, home life is upset.

SCORPIO, October 24-November 22. The tremendous will-power of Scorpios is part of their magnetic force; but you are resistant to the pull of others, preferring to choose rather than to be approached. You resent any infringement on your natural exclusivity. During the whole month, lucky Jupiter is back in your sign, bringing opportunity and good fortune. Though the activity set up by Mars will test you, you will win the contest.

SAGITTARIUS, November 23-December 22. High-spirited, refined, Sagittarius has a noble influence so apparent that others grab at it as at the brass ring on the merry-go-round. Your fitful moods may not fulfill the promise, though you seem always ready to act. This may blight possible friendships. Your ruler, Jupiter, now back in Scorpio, makes all decisions and activities troublesome now. Delay important ideas until later.

CAPRICORN, December 23-January 20. Your capacity for hard work leads everywhere, but your tendency to take it into social atmospheres makes others shy away. You respect yourself and expect respect from others. You have a capacity to endure hardship in pursuit of your goals that is admirable; to overcome is all. The whole month is a test of values for you, with one ally standing by with resources that bring a long awaited success.

AQUARIUS, January 21-February 18. Yours is the least personal sign: Aquarius's mission is to advance the condition of all mankind. Though your bearing is always kind, that is a ploy to ward off personal involvement. Your nature is inquiring, your mental poise ready for new information. The whole month is one of unusual activity. The time has come for you to put a plan into action, to test it, and to confront the opposition.

PISCES, February 19-March 20. Your irresolute attitude toward aspirations and how to project them causes long stretches of discontent. This may make you inattentive, giving way to trivial living, exhausted of the desire to persevere to your goal. This month, with good-luck Jupiter in a friendly Water sign, is a good time to resolve unfinished business. If your imagination extends to creating a thing of beauty, you will have real success.

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KAT HREEL Y

in the outdoors and cook there, too, using sea air or alpine sunshine as seasoning

By Maxime McKendry

Irs. Anthony Lambton combed the beach on Children's Bay Cay-the Bahamian island of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Heinz, II-for the makings of her bonfire for this fish barbecue by the sea.

Salt-air Collect: I empty champagne crate, 4 empty beer or soda cans, lots of driftwood-logs, fish sticks, twigs, straws. (Don't forget to bring matches for this venture.) Set the crate on the cans, one at each corner, and fill with kindling-largest driftwood last. Light.

Rub the cleaned fish with olive oil, coarsely ground pepper, salt. Tuck sprigs of fresh basil in the cavity and wrap the fish along with more basil leaves in heavy aluminum foil that has been coated with oil on the fish side. Clamp the fish in a double fish-shaped broiling rack and, when the fire is burning well, place the rack across the crate, end to end. A 2-pound fish will need about 1/2 hour on the first side, 15 to 20 minutes on the second. You can open the foil and test with a fork-flesh should be flaky and white.

Vegetable Thread on skewers: unpeeled chunks of eggplant, zuechini, green pepper, thin roast strips of hot red pepper, thick slices of crusty Italian bread. Marinate all in lemon juice, olive oil, pepper, salt, garlic, thyme for at least an hour. Grill beside the fish until tender but still crisp.

Sharp contrast for the lull of the sea, bonfire reveries: peeled sections of oranges, lemons, Salad grapefruits, ugli fruits, tangerines combined with their own juices. Add sugar sparingly, crushed fresh mint with abandon.

Stringing up the roast is a French cooking ploy that echoes the Old West. Tie up your meats for nonslip cooking in the field.

Gigot à la Tientop of string to the end of the bone in a leg of lamb long enough to suspend ficelle the meat in front of (not over) an open fireplace (this works indoors as well as out). Rotate the meat to wind up the string; release, and the meat will revolve as it roasts unwinding and winding by its own momentum with only an occasional nudge. Set a pan of browned potatoes and lightly cooked greens-collards, spinach, beet tops-underneath the meat to catch the juices that drip. Baste the roast by brushing it with a branch of dry thyme dipped in olive oil flavored with lemon juice and crushed garlic.

Boeut à la Cut sirloin steak in 2-inch cubes and remove fat. Tie each piece in string like a ficelle parcel and make a long loop of string at the knot. Prepare a rich beef stock by boiling bones and stew meat with vegetables; strain and chill; remove fat. Prepare bowls of condiments for the beef: horseradish sauce, ketchup, chopped parsley, garlic butter, English or French mustard, chutney, pickles, coarse salt. Prepare fresh vegetables-potatoes, carrots, turnips-and boil in the stock until just tender. Arrange the open pot of boiling broth over the fire so that each guest can cook his meat by slipping a chopstick through the string loop and lowering the steak into the boiling soup. Each cooks his own meat to his own taste—I to 5 minutes—then dips it in the seasonings. Serve vegetables and broth separately.

Sam LeTulle, a Texan, an architect-decorator, and a standout cook, makes this casserole of barely cooked organically grown carrots with Texas "rat cheese" to serve with summer cold cuts and a bottle of Bordeaux wine. It can be served hot or it may be chilled and cut in slices.

Summer carrots Four to six servings

Sharp cheddar cheese 3 cups grated carrots, lightly packed I cup chopped parsley 5 eggs 2 cups half-and-half cream Salt, pepper, powdered

turmeric

Generously butter sides and bottom of casserole (Sam LeTulle uses a Pyrex bread pan). Grate cheese to make 2 cups. Make three or four layers each of carrots, parsley, and cheese-ending with cheese. Do not pack down. Beat together eggs and cream, and season to taste. Pour this mixture over layers in casserole-should come to the top. Place thin slices of cheese over the top and dot with butter. Bake in the bottom of 350° oven until custard is almost set, then move to the top of the oven for 5 minutes to brown lightly. Carrots should be crisp and parsley still green.

For each serving: Cut one-third off the end of Lemon a lemon-a piece large enough for a good caviar squeeze of juice. Scoop out the two-thirds portion, removing most of the pulp but leaving a juicy lining of flesh. Slice off the bottom, so the lemon will stand upright on a plate. Fill the lemon's cavity with caviar, and cover with the smaller lemon piece. Arrange the filled lemon on a pretty plate with cuts of raw vegetables: carrots, cauliflower, celery hearts, radishes, zucchini. Serve with a vermeil spoon and a heavy glass goblet of pink champagne.

German powder balls

2 sticks butter or margarine Confectioner's sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla extract 2 drops orange extract 2 cups sifted flour I cup shelled and chopped walnuts

Cream butter and 4 tablespoons confectioner's sugar, and beat until very light; add vanilla and orange extracts. Mix in flour. Fold in nuts and mix again. Shape in small balls and bake on ungreased cooky sheet 18 to 20 minutes at 350°. Roll balls in additional confectioner's sugar while still warm; cool on racks. Take on picnics.

Resandwich

Between two slices of crusty homemade whole-wheat bread, sandwich two slices of baked ham or well-seasoned roast beef. Between the two slices of meat. sandwich this mixture: cream cheese with peanuts, sweet pickles, and fresh watercress or spinach—all chopped.



The same blending of flavors that makes Galliano the perfect after-dinner liqueur makes it the perfect mixing ingredient: versatile enough to bring out other flavors, but never overpowering.

GOLDEN CADILLAC

1 oz. Liquore Galliano

2 oz. White Creme de Cacao

1 oz. Cream

LIQUEUR

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teen & Robbins, Inc., New Yor

Place with small quantity crushed ice in blender. Use low speed for short time. Strain into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST

Fill old fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Liquore Galliano over ice and squeeze 1/4 section fresh lime into glass. Drop lime shell in. Stir and serve.

HARVEY WALLBANGER

Fill tall glass with ice cubes
Fill ¾ full with orange juice
Add 1 oz. Vodka. Stir
Float ½ oz. Liquore Galliano on top.

GALLIANO DAIQUIRI

3/4 oz. Liquore Galliano

3/4 oz. Light Rum

Juice of 1/2 Lime

1 Teaspoon Powdered Sugar

Add one cup crushed ice and put in blender for 30 to 60 seconds.

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The Moving Men

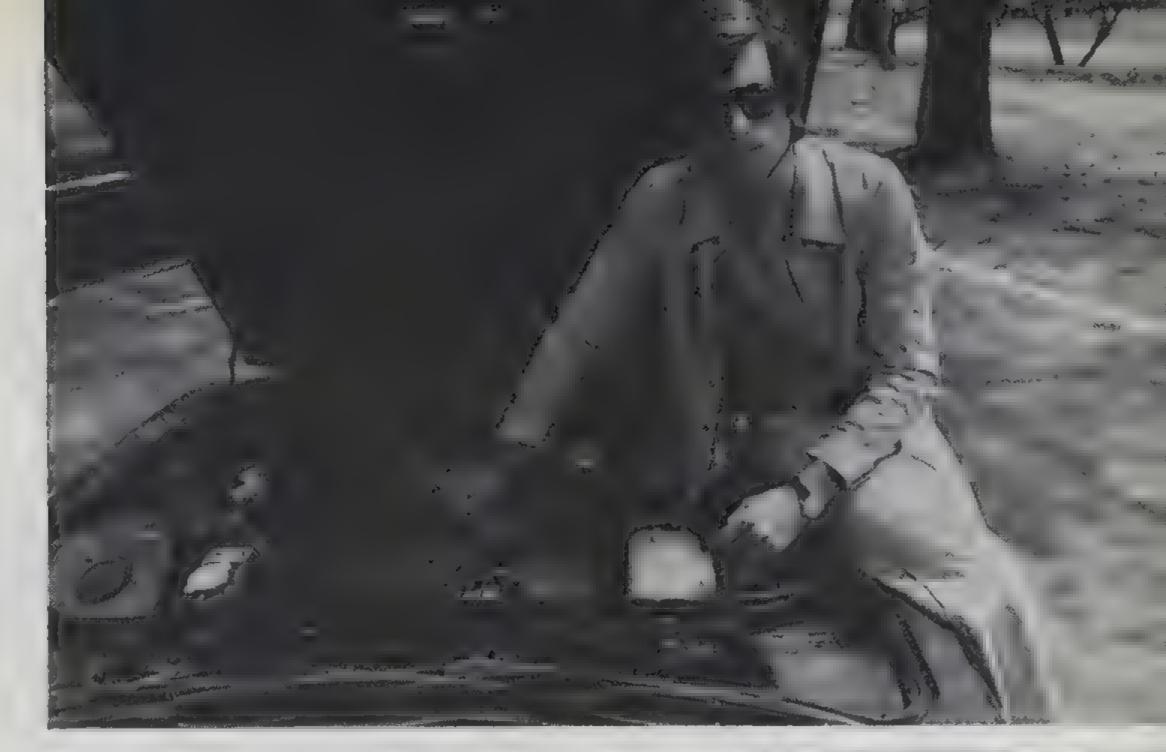
You'll find them all over America . . . but never for long in the same place . . . they're the men who get things done, their way and in a hurry. They're the men who haven't time for the conventional way—unless it suits their needs . . . and they experiment until they hit on the perfect solution—whether it's a way of work, of dress, or of keeping fit. . . .

For Moving Men a slow-down-and-live plan

turally it makes good, clean sense. The Body Fitness Plan—seven products, each of them designed to relax, condition, and clean the body after a workout, or a day's work.

Here's the plot

—packed with its own sponge for a brisk scrub-down; Muscle
Soothing Soak—minerals and stuff for a pine-scented therapy tub; Hot Water
Spa—after-bath body lube; Bracing Body Splash; Body Fitness Rub;
Personal Deodorant Spray; Super Absorbent Talc. Sets
you up—now move on into the evening.

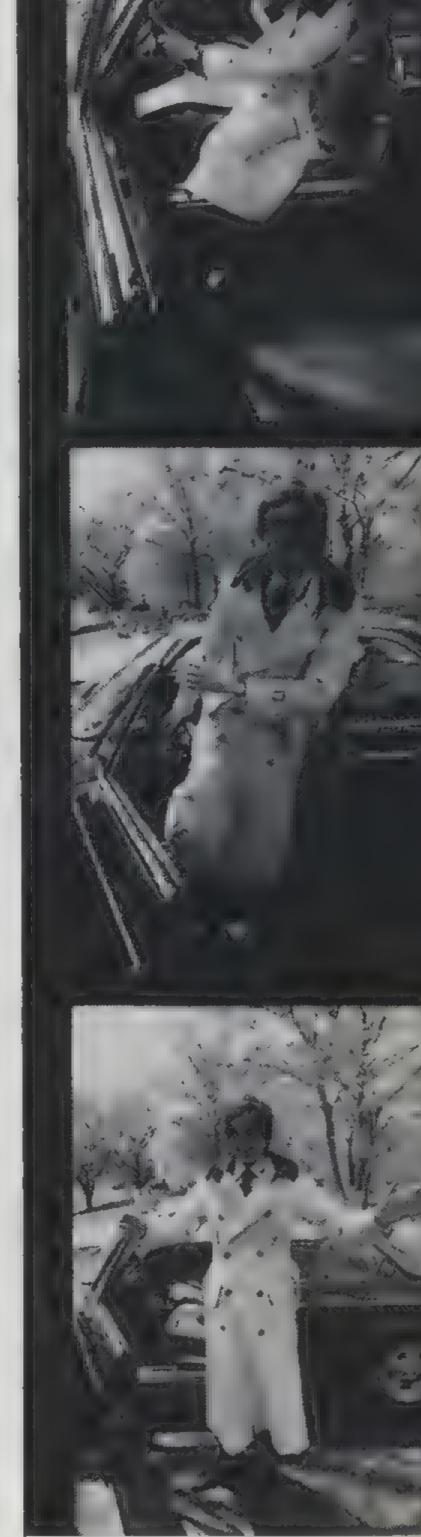


Christopher Dewey, 27, moving fast in movies

The Cannon
Group President and his partner,
Dennis Friedland, first
hit it big with "Inga," then
"Jee" (gross: \$18,000,000
to date on a \$300,000
investment). Out this month:
"Jump," a stock-car racing saga....

Chris and his steek blue BMW,

suède shirt-suit. \$165
at Mark Cross, Fifth Avenue,
New York. Right, Chris and
the great news in fall outerwear: quilted natural canvas.
Coat by Rafael, with synthetic
pile collar. September,
at Eric Ross in
Beverly Hills, California.



JACK ROBINSON



LEN BLUME GRAHAM

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plane he developed weighs 500 pounds, flies at 125 mph with a cruising range of 500 miles, and costs about \$1 an hour to operate. Aside from these extraordinary figures, the twenty-pound wings are demountable, allowing the plane to be placed alongside a car in the garage at home. The plane is a one-passenger commuter, with small storage space for a two-suiter or camping equipment, powered by a modified four-cylinder 65 hp. Volkswagen engine. Mini-Hawk International, Inc., 1930 Stewart Street, Santa Monica, California 90404.





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FALL FORECAST: FORECA

What we want to say first about the clothes you're going to find in these pages is: just that. You—are going—to—find—clothes!!! And you are going to find the kinds of clothes you've been looking for clothes you can see your lawyer in or your lover in or go to the park in when the rest of the company is wearing 3 to 6x. Clothes to enjoy your life in. Pretty, easy to wear. Classic—not as in your old college crew neck, but in the sense of being simplified, eliminated, clean-looking. In a word: clothes-clothes. No deep-think about how to put them together or where-in-God's-name-will-l-wear-it—the teeth-and-feathers thing is behind us; we are out of costume. We are not, on the other hand, slouching towards austerity—does a big, floofy white fur chubby sound austere? does a black velvet blazer with white at the throat and a thick white ruffle rolling out from under the sleeve sound austere? does a small cloched head bandaged in veiling remind you of your nanny? The new clothes are full of charm, romance, attractiveness—even a little flamboyance now and then. You are going to like yourself in them. People are going to like looking at you in them. They are the kinds of clothes we would love to see you in.... Specifically: A blazer—if you were going to buy only one new thing for fall, this is the one. It can be of black velvet, bright velvet, a good menswear plaid or grey flannel or suède. But a super fabric, and marvelously cut—narrow, not too shaped, nothing hard. Your blazer must make you feel delicious. Thin, soignée. And everything around it —your hair, your makeup; maybe a little diamanté star on the stock of your shirt; a flash of enamel cuffs at the end of your sleeve; suèded hands; colorful legs and shoes with suave little ties—completely feminine, alluring, and correct....This is the key, not only to dressing in blazers and separates, but to the whole mood of fashion today. (See right: this look—this girl—this says it all.)...So. There will be a blazer in your life. And if you're not a shopper-around for separates, you can have it all handed to you on a silver platter, with the bits and pieces already pulled together—say the orange velvet blazer on the next page: As a proper suit, with its black satin shirt and pleated knit skirt, it will get you into your day, it will take you out to dinner. It will be very useful to you. Under it, some days, you put your last-year black pullover and pants...and thus beginneth their new life. Under it, other days: a shirt in this pattern, a vest in that, another pattern wrapped at your throat; and a Harris tweed kilt—foulards, jacquards, Argyles; no rules, just neat and sharp, and easy on the chains.... If you're into the separates life at all, what a year you're going to have!...And there is a suit life for you. Day and night. With a blazer. Or a chopped jacket and fuller skirt. Or a pants suit. Or a suit à la Chanel, with all the attendant ease and dash and polish; if you have a heart not easily made glad, this suit—with a shirt and tie, perhaps a little sweatervest underneath, plus ribbed legs and gillies and good leather gloves and shoulderbag—will gladden it. On days when a sweater and skirt would be almost but not absolutely juste: this is. It fills a need....A reallypretty dress that you can get into first thing and go on with through dinner, that isn't an old friend. Have you been looking? So have we. Flash—it's here! Mainly two-piece. In knits, jerseys; patterned, or not. With clingy, sweatery tops and soft skirts with a sexy little swing to them. (This is when to let yourself be tempted by an ankle-strap shoe with a wedge. It has a lightness and lift that's charming with these dresses, and it does things for your foot...for your leg.) ... The coat that wraps and ties—this is the one everyone is going to want to put over everything. Sometimes with a large polo-y collar. Or furred with some ravishingly soft, long, silky-haired beast. There is warmth and ease and great luxuriousness in being wrapped this way. Beautiful, wrinkly gloves are a must and a small, tightly veiled hat would be delectable. It's that kind of coat...that kind of feeling throughout fashion now..... Remember good things. Remember capes, rolling and romantic. Remember pants—from short shorts to above the knee to bottom of the calf to long pants, straight and narrow as a sleeve or eased, like men's trousers. Newer than pants stuffed into boots: rolled-up pants, to just below the knee.... Put color in your life—lacquery green earrings in a clean simple shape, with a striped green shirt; woolly purple mittens with a big cozy coat; a smitch of red velvet hat with a black knit dress....Look into a chubby when you're shopping around—a pretty little one in silver fox. For dinner, with black pants and a stock shirt, it has sharpness and dazzle. You're going to feel like a new woman!

Right: The life of the blazer life—rhinestone stars at the ears, by Willie Woo for Henri Bendel; studded, lacquery black cuffs from K.J.L.

And a pretty, real-life coiffure, by Maury Hopson.





REAL-LIFE FASHION The velvet blazeras a suit

We love this turnout of Calvin Klein's—the blazing orange blazer with black satin shirt and pleated knit skirt underneath—it's such a young, dashing, beautiful way for you to look. For day, for dinner—in this, you can burn the candle at both ends.

Blazer, of Crompton cotton velveteen. Shirt, of acetate and nylon. Skirt, of Foxco Fabrics wool, knitted in America. Suit, about \$165. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hengerer's; Maison Blanche; Sakowitz.



The suit-DUIS Ingers

Summer's over (let's say), you're back in town, and on the first good fall day you swing into your spirit-of-Chanel flame-stitch suit of Burgundy and cream, maroon sleeveless pull underneath, creamy shirt and tie...and it's all rather like being in a sweater and skirt but a bit more dressed, which is a nice way to feel in your clothes for a change, yes?...and everything falls so well and moves in such a clean, easy, optimistic way; you look as if you're going places. Fast...Now you know why we're so eager to see you in a suit this fall.

Suit by Tracy Mills for Laird Knox, Jacket and skirt, of wool, cotton, viscose; wool sweater; rayon crêpe shirt and tie-about \$315. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Dayton's; Swanson's. Coiffure by Maury Hopson. Photographed at Cinema I in New York.











The silver fox fox Chubby See what a nifty little thing

See what a nifty little thing it is when it's done well?— chubby not obese, and hitting the hipbone in just the right place, over black wool jersey pants and a sparkling white crêpe stock-shirt.

...You would be really quite dishy going to dinner this way...and don't forget how enormously becoming a long-haired silver-haired fur can be, full of life and lights.

Pants and rayon shirt; about \$200. These and the silver fox chubby, by Teal Traina. Bonwit Teller, Swanson's; Sakowitz; Frast bras. Accessory details, both pages, next to last page this issue.























Oh, to be in autumn now that black is here!—it has such allure, such a feeling of the season about it.... Take advantage. Try something new ... a marabou chubby, wafty and seductive, over a black matte jersey pyjama. Be a starl ... Go to dinner in a proper little quilted velveteen smoking with satin lapels, satin-stripe velveteen pants, satin tie, and the prettiest white crêpe shirt spilling out ruffles—you will be thin and interesting. And you will be asked again.

This page: Chubby; about \$165. Pyjama, of rayon (Jasco Fabrics); about \$230. By John Anthony. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Boston; B. Forman; Halle's-Cleveland. Coiffure, Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon. Facing page: Pants; about \$40. Jacket; about \$130. Both, of Crompton cotton velveteen; embroidered quilting by Aristocrat. Polyester shirt; about \$38. By blassport. Mid-July, Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Photographed at Allen's, New York. Coif, Stephen of Vidal Sassoon. Accessory details, next to last page this issue.

black velvet smoking for dinner

PENATI





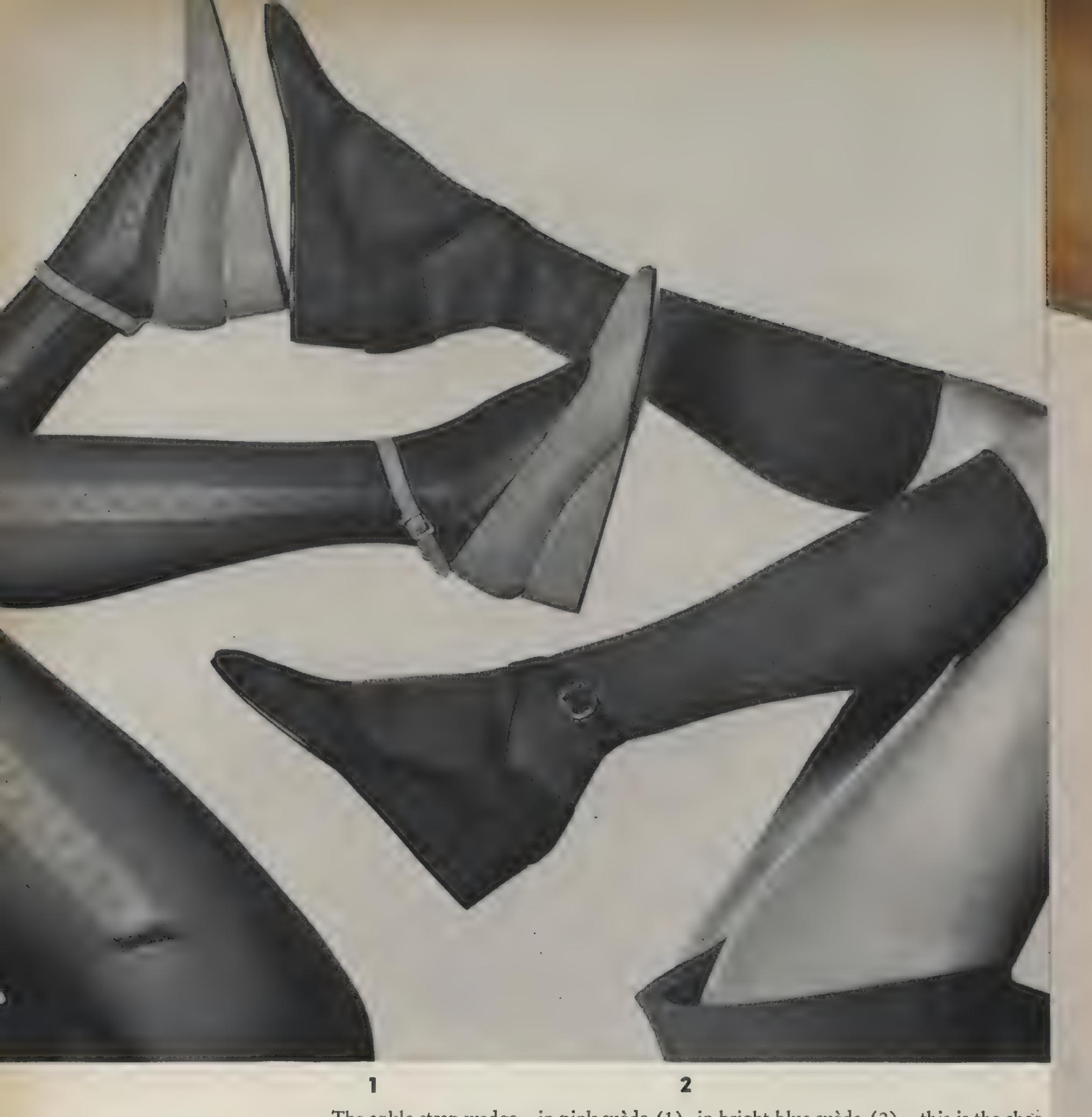












The ankle-strap wedge—in pink suède (1), in bright-blue suède (2)—this is the shoë that's going to surprise you. You're going to put it with little peplum dresses, with dresses to the ankle, with long pants, with short shorts—with anything—and you're going to love the way it makes you look: longer of leg, smaller and lighter and sexier of foot. It's the lift of the year. . . . About the new ties (3, 4, 5): they are great, great, great for suits. However you put your suit-look together—culotte and battle-jacket; velvet knickers and tweed hacking coat; or a pleated grey flannel skirt and blazer over an Argyle vest and Paisley shirt—your leg swings out in a richly-colored knee sock or tights and a slim, dapper shoe with waxy little ties. More we cannot wish you.

1. David Evins ankle-strap wedge; about \$55. l. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Archer side-patterned purple tights; about \$4. Henri Bendel. 2. Julianelli ankle-strap wedge; about \$48. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Swanson's. Trimfit blue-red-gold-patterned knee socks; about \$2. Bergdorf Goodman; May D & F. 3. Julianelli patent-and-kidskin ties in onion-red and purple; about \$52. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Swanson's; Bullock's Wilshire. Belle-Sharmeer onion-red tights; about \$4. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Jacobson's, Michigan. 4. Charles Jourdan red suède-and-kidskin ties; about \$45. Charles Jourdan Salon. Beauty Mist tights; about \$3. Altman's; The Denver. 5. Mademoiselle purple suède tie-shoe; about \$30. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; J. W. Robinson. Bonnie Doon knee socks; about \$2. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; J. W. Robinson.







First: The boot that hits well below the knee (1, 3)—this, plus tights, is what gives you that good long line of leg with shorts, short pleated skirts, long coats that swing open when you walk. In embroidered purple velvet (1)—with purple legs tonight, tomorrow night black—and black satin shorts and black fox to the ankle. For day, red suède (3) furred and laced, with red legs all the way. . . . Next: Your best bet under long pants—the boot that just covers the anklebone (2). Purple suède, here, laced around the ankle, and so pretty with so many things—with Argyle knee socks and slashed bronze suède pants; with unslashed grey flannel; with scarlet velvet Zouave pants. . . . As for the soft, rumply over-the-knee boot—in black leather with a wedge (4) or purple suède (5): Think of yourself sealed neck to toe in a ribby leotard, with a little tiny layer of leather tunic to the hip, and your hair sort of Jeanne d'Arc—and this boot crushed like a glove on your leg. Live romantically!

man; Sakowitz. Danskin purple tights; about \$5. Bloomingdale's; Burdine's; Manchester's; Stix, Baer & Fuller. **2.** Delman ankle boot; about \$100. Bergdorf Goodman; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz. Bonnie Doon knee socks; about \$2. Altman's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Magnin. Pants: Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. **3.** Charles Jourdan boot; about \$70. Charles Jourdan Salon; Jacobson's, Michigan. Roman Stripe Orlon tights; about \$5. Bergdorf Goodman; Nordstrom Best. **4.** Herbert Levine boot; about \$75. Bonwit Teller; B. Forman; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Frost Bros. Hanes brown-andbeige tights; about \$4. Altman's; The Denver; Sakowitz. **5.** Charles Jourdan boot; about \$100. Charles Jourdan Salon; I. Magnin. Danskin Dacron-andnylon tights in beetroot purple and adobe gold; about \$5. Bloomingdale's; Kaufmann's; Stix, Baer & Fuller.





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



Judi Bowker, sixteen, and Graham Faulkner, twenty-four, both British, holy teen-agers in Brother Sun, Sister Moon, the new Franco Zeffirelli movie about St. Francis of Assisi and one of his followers, St. Clare. Filming this summer in the medieval hill towns of Tuscany and Umbria where St. Francis worked and preached in the thirteenth century, Zeffirelli finds St. Francis "very much a part of today, perhaps the first dropout."

WHATTO do, what to see here and there

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Roberta Flack, Dionne Warwick, and Aretha Franklin, at the Newport Jazz Festival, Newport, Rhode Island; perhaps the three greatest pop singers in swift, heady succession, July 2, 3, and 4. *Art and Technology," the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, California; outsize art produced by artists' collaboration with such companies as Container Corporation of America, IBM, and Jet Propulsion Laboratory, until August 29. Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," conducted by Julius Rudel, the Caramoor Festival, Katonah, New York; music on the lawn of one of the most extraordinary estates of the 'twenties, July 3. "American Quilts" at the Whitney Museum in New York; the most distinctive American handicraft coming on like op art, until September 12. Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique" and Light Show, conducted by Gerhard Samuel, at the Hollywood Bowl, Hollywood, California; son et lumière trip, August 31. Middleton Place Gardens, Charleston, South Carolina; full of the magnificent sunken gardens of the eighteenth-century South. Goldoni's "The Servant of Two Masters," performed by the John Drew Repertory Company of Guild Hall, East Hampton, New York; a very funny play by the Italian playwright who made a career of staging Venetian intrigues, July 27-August 7. The Mark Rothko Chapel, near the University of St. Thomas, Houston, Texas; the summing up of the great American painter's work. Boulez conducting Stravinsky and Bartók, the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, Wolf Trap Farm Park for the Performing Arts, near Vienna, Virginia, outside Washington, D.C. A major concert at 'he only national park set aside for music, theater, and dance, July 12. "The Crowded Vacancy: Three Los Angeles Photographers," Baltz, Hernandez, Wild, Pasadena Art Museum, Pasadena, California; photographs that grab people and habitat as one, till September 5. Paul Hecht in Anthony Burgess's new translation of "Cyrano de Bergerac," Tyrone Guthrie Theater, Minneapolis, Minnesota; quite a part for Hecht and word-mad Burgess's first venture into the theater, July 22. The new Mummers Theater, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; a fascinating controversial jump forward in contemporary architecture, designed by John Johansen. The dance premiere of a new version of Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony" by the American Ballet Theatre, choreographed by twenty-four-year-old Dennis Nahat, at the New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, New York, July 15. **Artists and Writers, 39 an exhibition of sixty-four portrait drawings from the collection of Benjamin Sonnenberg, The Pierpont Morgan Library, New York; witty, highly revealing gallery of faces, until July 30. "Valley Curtain, 39 the 250,000-square-foot plastic curtain, weighing four tons, hung by Christo in the Rocky Mountains near Rifle, Colorado. Lar Lubovitch and Company, Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, Lee, Massachusetts; the mysterious choreography of a young dancer who has just begun his ascent, August 17-21. Prints and Sculpture by Jasper Johns, Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York; the cream of the work, except painting, by the forty-one-year-old painter who is already an old master, (Continued on page 99)

WHEN STARS THE SELLON ALIFORNIA BY MARTIN GOTTFRIED

An Othello exploding into jealousy before even the drop of a handkerchief, a British actress gushing her way through an intimate play in a gigantic auditorium, a pretty television actor doing Shakespeare. It could only happen on the West Coast, as indeed it did in the spring: James Earl Jones playing *Othello* at the Mark Taper Forum in the Los Angeles Music Center, Maggie Smith next door at the Ahmanson Theatre in Noël Coward's *Design for Living*, and Richard Chamberlain as *Richard II* up in Seattle.

Oddly enough, it was Chamberlain who came through, and just as odd has been his history. He reached what young Hollywood actors consider paradise with a successful television series and simply refused to leave it at that. Instead, he went off to England to do Hamlet (yet) with a provincial repertory company, beginning a new and certainly unex-

pected career as a serious actor.

His Richard was what you would and would not have expected of young Doctor Kildare. The Seattle Repertory Theatre production was created to support him, and everything about it was designed to set off his motel-style beauty: suèdes and velvets tight enough to reveal the ad-art perfection of his build and blue enough to set off his streaked blond hair.

His performance? Strange indeed. Certainly, Chamberlain has a presence, an undeniable magnetism. His voice is rich and he knows how to project it, if in some Hollywood-British dialect. The plasticity of his looks and voice are peculiarly right for this role, which is sexually ambiguous (in a story of equal ambiguity), and there is no question of his power in it. There is more of a question about what else he can do, not to mention the validity of a repertory company jobbing in a television star with the (fulfilled) expectation of five weeks sold out to provincial stargazers.

One had every reason to expect a more traditional sort of classical excellence from James Earl Jones, who was playing Othello for the second time since seven years ago, when he gave a performance (at the New York Shakespeare Festival in Central Park) so good it promised future greatness. This was his chance and he muffed it. Why? Ever since Boesman and Lena Off-Broadway, Jones has used John Berry as his director. Such regularity inevitably leads

to the pampering of the star and a disregard of the rest of the company.

So Jones ran solo and wild, exploding Othello's jealousy long before Shakespeare made a case for it (a weak enough case as it is). With nothing to balance the production except Disneyland sets and a Desdemona (Jill Clayburgh) who seemed fresh out of Barnard, Jones burst out of the wings and into jealous rampages. Anthony Zerbe, a fine actor, was the bewildered Iago, unable to cope with so emotional an Othello, and was sorely wasted. Jones's talent and technique are unquestioned. But he failed this virtually disastrous production.

The revival of Design for Living was a disaster of another sort. For one thing, it is an intimate play, here presented in the cavernous Ahmanson Theatre (something like watching a marble game in Yankee Stadium). For another, it is a team play; and this production was conceived as a star vehicle, the stars being Maggie Smith and Robert Stephens. Such self-employment hauls the theater back forty years to the days of benign, touring, entrepreneurial

stars, but then, so does this production.

Now everyone knows that Maggie Smith is a great actress; but, true to her profession, she is the last to believe it and so must be perpetually reassured by her audiences. In her effort to ensure applause, she does the tricks that won acclaim in the past. In this case, being her own producer and her director's employer, she was free to do only those tricks. Such freedom is an actor's nemesis; and Maggie Smith's performance was embarrassing, corrupted by mannerism and self-indulgence. Since *Design for Living* is second-rate Coward anyhow, and in this instance threadbarely produced, it became a prime example of star production at its most calamitous.

UNHAPPY GIANT

Before painters, photographers, and

pop stars, writers were the
twentieth-century culture
heroes; and the 'twenties in

Paris, their golden age. F. Scott

FORD

Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway have had their biographies; Gertrude Stein, a belated, shared retrospective of her art collection. Now, Arthur Mizener has brought out a six-hundred-page book, costing twenty dollars, about Ford Madox Ford. Ford worked at the center of literary life of this century for forty years. The grandson of Ford Madox Brown, the Pre-Raphaelite painter, son of a music critic who early-on adored Wagner, Ford grew up with a life-and-art-for-art's-sake point of view. Both as editor and as writer he championed experiment, passing on to Ezra Pound and through Ezra Pound to W. B. Yeats and T. S. Eliot a shatteringly modern idea of poetry. His failures, if any, were his constant fictionalizing and his affairs with women, objectionable fifty years ago because he was never divorced. Mizener's book, choked with facts, fed on the collection of Ford's business letters now at Cornell University, is bulky but bad, symptomatic of the trend toward bloated biography. Mizener shows too little of the man, blurs Ford's life with a highly questionable epithet from Ford's best novel, The Good Soldier: "This is the saddest story I ever heard. . . . " Janice Biala, a painter, sister of the American artist Jack Tworkov, and Ford's companion for the last ten years of his life, does not agree. Now living in Paris, Miss Biala said, "You see, all of Ford's faults were human. There was nothing to forgive, because he was such a marvelously kind person. He didn't believe in biographies. There was always in his work a progression of attitude. His books—and none of the critics seem to have read them all—were attempting a history of our time, a panorama. Ford was the artist as he no

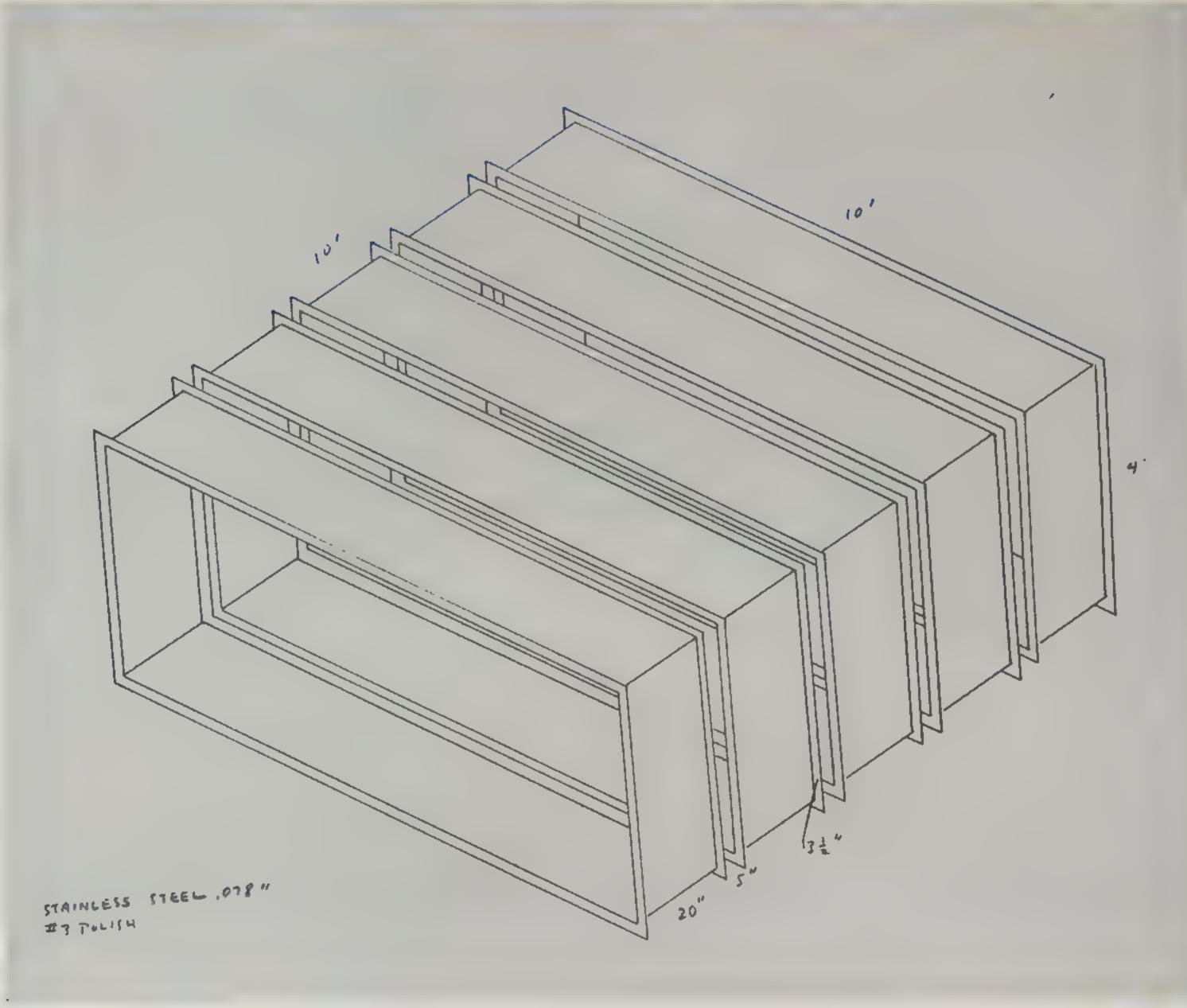
longer exists. He was in the great tradition of how an artist should be. He worked for future generations. He looked to the young. He was so generous that others believed it when he said he wasn't as good as they were. Nothing meant anything for him but literature. Everything he did and was came back to that. I couldn't say enough in praise of Ford. Because he told me never to let myself go in public either to praise or defend him, I am silent."



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

ART DON JUDD'S LESSISMORE ART

BYBARBARAROSE



DRAWING FOR SCULPTURE, WITH DIMENSIONS, BY DON JUDD, 1968

When the dust finally settles from the whirlwind that was the 'sixties, the names of a handful of artists will remain to speak for that bizarre and convulsively original decade. Undoubtedly, Don Judd will be among them. From May 11 to July 4 the subject of a major exhibition at the Pasadena Art Museum, Judd became the spokesman for those 'sixties' artists who took the reductive paintings of Barnett Newman and Ad Reinhardt as a point of departure for a three-dimensional object art. The style they evolved became known journalistically as minimal; yet Judd repudiated the label, holding that the absence of certain traditional compositional values did not mean that other, fresher esthetic values were not present in their place. Forced to explain what these values might be to an audience just now beginning to recognize them, Judd was still able to make art that transcended mere theorizing, for his repetitious stacks of identical gleaming aluminum and Plexiglas boxes, in spite of formal tautology, have an integrity of craft and conception that is the mark of enduring excellence.

As elegant and streamlined as any Bauhaus object, his deceptively simple metal, plastic, and glass boxes and tubes-some of them enameled to the high gloss and even the colors of a Harley-Davidson motorcycle-find three-dimensional equivalents for current pictorial concerns. Among Judd's primary interests are an involvement with the actual properties of materials: their finish, color, reflectiveness, translucency, or transparency. He seeks to maximize our attention to these qualities by minimizing the role traditionally played by composition, anecdote, and illusionism. He casts away, too, all associations, which sculpture can hardly avoid, with the human figure or natural form. Rejecting as well the traditional sculptural dependence on a composition based on the balance and repetition of related forms, he found himself well outside the boundaries of conventional sculpture. This, of course, is where he wanted to be, since he sought to create a threedimensional art that left Cubism as far behind as American painting of the 'sixties had been able to do.

Beginning as a painter, Judd was soon convinced that the painting of Barnett Newman, Jasper Johns, Kenneth Noland, and Frank Stella was far in advance of sculptural conventions, which were still tied to Cubism. A critic before he became a sculptor, Judd wrote of the superiority of "specific objects" over sculpture based on outmoded Cubist conventions. In many respects closer to single-image field painting than to assembled sculpture with its multitude of separate parts, "specific objects," according to Judd, were superior even to painting because they disposed with pictorial illusionism. Undoubtedly, Judd's

training in the pragmatic philosophy of John Dewey prepared him to formulate such a practical, down-to-earth, empiricist definition of art. Perhaps even more important, however, was his Midwest background which separated him irrevocably from the European esthetic of older New York artists. For one thing is certain, Judd's art challenges any ideas of complexity and quality derived exclusively from European art. Its refinements and detail are of quite another order from the complex arabesques and formal relationships of Parisian art; the spare lines, compact volumes, and naked candor of his statement is in many respects antithetical to the elaborate variations and poetic allusions of any art derived from European sources.

Like the lucid heraldic paintings of Ellsworth Kelly or Frank Stella or the seductive object art of such West Coast literalists as Larry Bell or Robert Irwin, Judd's specific objects—one hesitates to place them in the category of sculpture he has set his mind to demolishing—have a concrete presence in the world that is perhaps more "real," in their emphasis on literal qualities of surface, image, and color, than that of past art. In this demand for real and direct experience, they are decidedly, if not distinctively, American.

TRINIGNANT

Jean-Louis Trintignant, right, forty, the French film star whose offhand manner and dead-on grey eyes have won American women-in his roles in A Man and a Woman, Les Biches, Z, Ma Nuit Chez Maud, and The Conformist—in spite of the fact he has never played a part in English. To the tough, deadpan appeal of Humphrey Bogart he adds a smile that shoots across his eyes with startling accuracy, a grin that pounces in for the kill. Shy, tentative, with enormous regard for his wife, director Nadine Marquand, Trintignant comes from a family of racing drivers, plays cool about acting, but admires his directors, particularly Claude Chabrol and Eric Rohmer who couldn't be more opposite in their manner. Chabrol is "visual," Trintignant said. "He puts you in the atmosphere. You're part of the scenery"; Rohmer "works with his head. Cerebral." About his career in the movies: "I do what I'm told." Now, it's The Crook, filmed for Claude Lelouch, about a man on the wrong side of the law.

PLAZA SUITE

"DESPERATE JOKES:
FARCE AND MELANCHOLY"
By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Plaza Suite is no great shakes as a film. The director, Arthur Hiller, might just as well have abandoned pretense and photographed the Broadway play. Still, the film is exceedingly entertaining. The reason for this is partly the felicity of the performances, for which Hiller deserves some credit, but mostly the skill of Neil Simon, who wrote both the play and the screenplay. (The latter assignment must have taken him all of an hour.) Simon's art has rescued Broadway in the last decade; it is sustaining Hollywood in its time of decline; and it deserves a moment's consideration.

The world of Neil Simon is narrow: It is essentially the city, or specifically, New York City, versus its inhabitants and visitors. He joins an astute observation of urban and suburban frustration with a sharp and evidently inexhaustible capacity for wisecracks. He began as a writer of farces; but recently his plays have steadily deepened, at least in their aspirations. His comic style clearly emerges from a vein of melancholy.

Plaza Suite illustrates some of the difficulties. The first sequence describes a marriage in the last stage of exhaustion. Each partner, making a flickering effort to be kind to the other, is rebuffed. Neither can overcome long traditions of reciprocal irritability. Both know enough "psychology" to attack each other but not enough to understand themselves. The sketch is too accurate and painful to be very funny. Maureen Stapleton gives a ruthless picture of an aging woman, salvaging her dignity under a

barrage of desperate jokes.

forms with immense virtuosity in all three sequences, becomes in the second a Hollywood producer determined to seduce Barbara Harris as an old sweetheart from Tenafly, New Jersey. The third sequence is marriage at The Plaza hotel, with the bride beleaguered in the bathroom while her parents, Matthau and Lee Grant, rage outside the locked door. This erupts into slapstick and is

great fun but is quite different, in tone and level of reality, from the opener. What unites the sketches and defines Neil Simon's world is a sense of the egomania bred by modern urban life. His characters are solipsists. They see no reality outside themselves. But they must live in crowds, entrapped by false relationships and compulsive rituals. Their form of communication is the wisecrack. It is a sterile world, enveloped in hostility, superficially hilarious but fundamentally bleak.

Naturally Simon's plays are an immense relief for people who are themselves involved in our contemporary urban hysteria. They can distance themselves from the reality of this world by recognizing their friends and enemies on the screen. Probably, however, they do not recognize themselves, and this may be the present failure of Simon's art. It is all a little too easy; caricature softens the blow of satire; in its slackest moments, it is too close to situation comedy on television.

The comedy of manners is the highest form of comedy, and Neil Simon is certainly today its most adept American practitioner. He has it in him to become another George Kelly or Philip Barry, but this would require an austerity and self-denial he has not yet achieved. They stripped their plays down and were ready to sacrifice their witticisms to their general ideas. Simon, one feels, still dislikes to disappoint his audience, so he will too often sacrifice his idea to his witticisms. The first sequence of Plaza Suite is far the least ingratiating. It is also far the most mordant and telling.





BY ANN BIRSTEIN And now La Collectionneuse, another of Eric Rohmer's Six Contes Moraux, and another absolute delight. It will be sad to come to the end of them; it's so rare a tale these days in movies, or books, or anywhere else, for that matter, that makes a moral struggle seem so witty and sexy. And yet that's implicit in the whole idea of morality, isn't it, that it's a tug of war between appetites? In any case, the jeu here -and once more it is a jeu, and once more it's almost impossible to tell the plot of a Rohmer movie without sounding like the synopsis of a play by Shakespearethe struggle, the game is between the desire of Adrien, a handsome young antiques dealer, to devote himself to the experience of doing absolutely nothing, a highly laudable ambition, and the attractions of Haydée, a young girl who happens to be staying at the villa in Saint-Tropez, where he thought to sequester himself, and who is only too active in the most fundamental, or basest, sense (depending on your view of morality) and who's a collector all right but not of vases. There is also Daniel, a young painter who also inhabits the villa and who does sleep with Haydée though Adrien manages not to, and a rich American named Sam, who's a collector in the usual sense of acquiring objets d'art, though he'd kind of like to branch out and acquire Haydée, too.

Once more the acting is perfect, or perhaps one should say the direction is perfect; it all fuses so well it's impossible to tell where the seams join. There is Patrick Bauchau as Adrien who, as Sam suggests, probably feels close to the gods because he's six feet tall and has a profile like an eagle; the collector, Seymour Hertzberg, who talks French like a frog, in deep low burps, which no Frenchman does, epithets notwithstanding; Haydée Politoff, adorable in her bikini, toeing the water, zooming off with some companion of the night, smiling a smile that she assures Adrien means nothing at all and probably doesn't. The mise en scène, the conversation, all of that is perfect, too, and absolutely true. The pure transparent shots of mollusks and seaweed and stones, while Adrien says: "I looked at the sea with an empty gaze, free from the curiosity of a painter or a student." The insistence of the cicadas in the background, the cheep of a bird, all the sweet goading sounds of summer. The sight of Adrien and Haydée lying side by side on the same beach mat, and a thousand times sexier for not touching than all those writhing nudes in other movies.

But in a way, to describe La Collectionneuse only does it an injustice, since it's the experience of watching it that counts. Somebody once said that to read Henry James was like peeling an onion, one stripped layer revealing the next. To see a Rohmer film is like riding along an exciting coastal road, with each safe navigation of a curve revealing the next curve. I guess if I have a criticism of these contes, it's that they're almost sinfully enjoyable. But then again if I say "sin," it's only because Rohmer says "moral."



SUMMERICA

READ-IN

Fighting words: American women are lousy lovers

"If I had been able to be a tender slave, I would have been happier."

> BY CONTESSA SUSANNA RATTAZZI

The most outstandingly intelligent, sensitive women I have known happened to be Americans; just as the cattiest, cruelest, nonfeminine bitches I have come across in my lifetime were American, too. I was always attracted by my American grandmother.

When I really get depressed about the world, I look at the sky and thank God for my having been born a woman. If I had been a man, no doubt I would have been a pansy. The idea of having a sentimental attachment to a woman would have killed me. The thought of falling in love and suffering because of the lying, nagging, playing, acting, self-pitying deceitfulness of a woman I could not have stood. Men are made differently. So, thank you, God.

Shall we say, then, that there is an American way of considering the relationship between a man and a woman. The rivalry in America is greater than anywhere else. It is true that women want to dominate men; it is like some kind of atavistic revenge. I saw a girl at a party the other night who never let go of the hand of her evidently recently discovered man during the whole evening. She didn't hold his hand with tenderness or desire; she grasped it with a determination that could leave no doubt in the people present as to the fact that THAT man was hers. He wore his arm in a Napoleon-like gesture across his breast and she held his fingers with a cold, rather angry, intensity. Nothing is more attractive than watching two good-looking young people in love with one another. There is a weird magic that makes them seem faraway and alone even in the middle of a

crowd. But the assertion of love I detest. And more so when it is legalized by marriage papers and official promises. Love is lonely, and poetic, and mysterious. And it asks for a certain amount of weakness on the woman's part, perhaps an intuition of surrender. This, I am afraid, is what American women will not accept. They want to be running the show, always.

More and more I am surprised at the incredible success of the movie Love Story. I went to see it for the second time. A girl never stops saying disagreeable things to a poor rich boy and then breaks into a Smart Aleck grin; the boy marries the girl. Now Freud has taught us that when you say something disagreeable it is because you want to say something disagreeable, even if you then try to conceal this by laughing. Still, people rave about Love Story, about that totally odious girl who manages to say to her husband ten minutes before she dies, "Get the hell out of here, I don't want you at my goddamn deathbed." They cry, they think it is a sweet love story. All over New York you read "Love means not ever having to say you're sorry." But why on earth, why shouldn't you say you are sorry? Why is it shameful to say "I love you" or "thank you" or "I'm sorry"? (It is the same kind of aberration as that of people who believe it is not necessary to be polite in their own houses-that you need manners only when you are in somebody else's house. So many children are brought up that way; they are told to stand if a woman walks into a room but not if their mother walks into the room. It is sadly modern.)

The only thing I can say about that poor boy Oliver the Fourth in Love Story is that certainly nobody had ever taught him what love meant; he had not been spoiled that way by his parents. But she, the Jennifer, had a loving, affectionate, tender father. You would have thought she would have learned something from him. Not at all; the fashion is toughness, so the more the girl is bitchy and rude to the boy, the more the audience is delighted. At films in New York, I had noticed that when a rude line is spoken by a husband to a wife there is a great laugh. Like a liberating, heaving sigh. When a wife is rude to a husband, it is taken as an everyday occurrence with not much amusement.

From what I gather, some girls of Women's Lib would like to cancel men from their world. If you want to cancel something from your mind, it is because you are not capable of living with it. It gives you a complex. It makes you suffer. Yet you only get rid of it when you learn to accept it. There are countries where women don't expect anything from men other than to be allowed to serve them and love them. I think these women enjoy that. But you have to be raised that way to accept that kind of life; then you learn to take pleasure in it. In America, women are certainly not raised that way. They want to assert the fact that they are men's equals-and then can't cope with the fact of men's treating them as their equals.

Only here in the United States have I heard time and time again the sad tale of a woman, sobbing, desperate, hopeless because her husband, suddenly, after fifteen or

twenty or twenty-five years of marriage, has asked for a divorce to marry another woman with whom he had been having an affair for the last ten years. And she never suspected it. She didn't know? You mean she did not suspect that the husband had another interest in his life? That he loved another woman? I refuse to believe that the sobbing wife could have cared much about that husband and not known. Or, otherwise, she did not want to know, because it was easier for her to live that way; and I am not so sorry for her. This way of behaving is, no doubt, more civilized than ten years of quarreling and jealous scenes and suspicion and suffering, but the portrait of a great love being lost seems rather farfetched. I would say the man is treating his wife on a very equal basis and that it ought to be accepted with equal detachedness. But instead, now the American woman sees herself as the weak female being mistreated by the awful, powerful man.

You cannot expect to be spoiled and pampered and kept and respected if at the same time you want to give nothing in return.

Love is just giving.

Once I had a lover; he was intelligent, intellectual, selfish. I slept in his bed (it was very small); he made love to me. Then he said, "Go buy me some cigarettes"; it was two o'clock in the morning. I put on my clothes. "Be quick," he said, "I want to make love to you." I walked into the street. I didn't know where to buy cigarettes in the middle of the night (Continued on page 127)

Is television messing with your mind?

BY FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMUSSIONER NICHOLAS JOHNSON

Seen yourself on television lately?

Of course not. That handful of American women who are employed as on-camera "personalities" don't see themselves either. They see the same stereotypes you do. Spiro Agnew has put the attitude of many males: "Three things are untamable: fools, women and the salt sea.' . . . We stand at the threshold of taming the sea. Taming fools and women may take a bit longer." Such stereotypes may or may not amuse those who run this country and its major television corporations-middle-aged, middle-class, white males-but they do very little to portray or enrich Amercian women.

Frankly, I'm more interested in "people liberation" than in Women's Liberation. I think men are as enslaved as women by the constant pressure to prove their masculinity and treat women as sex objects. Men and women can help each other to be better—and they ought to be permitted to do so. But I also recognize that women have some special problems in our society—problems that have nothing to do with an aerosol can of "feminine hygiene spray." And as a Federal Communications

Commissioner required to license television stations in "the public interest," I have to listen to their complaints when they say that television is more of the problem than the solution.

What I hear is pretty unsettling. Marya Mannes said that television leaves us

... with nothing but the fulltime housewife in all her whining glory: obsessed with whiter wash, moister cakes, shinier floors, cleaner children, softer diapers, and greaseless fried chicken. . . . Woman, in short, is consumer first and human being fourth.

Marion Delgado charged at a CBs shareholders meeting, "You'use our bodies to sell products. . . . You blackmail us with the fear of being unloved if we do not buy." Franchellie Cadwell, the president of an advertising agency, said that "no force has demeaned women more than television." Mrs. Jean Faust testified last fall before the New York City Commission on Human Rights that "the insistent, subliminal message [from television] is buy, buy, buy: buy to get a husband; buy to make you more desirable; buy to make your floors

shine; buy to care for your children; buy to 'fulfill' yourself." In an article in Women: A Journal of Liberation, Donna Keck said that few women "realize the oppression of the system which propels them unrelentingly towards rotten goals." These women are not unfeminine freaks. They are thoughtful women like you, who have articulated what may have disturbed you as well.

These are troubling times of confusion and search for identity. Some look to drugs-usually such "acceptable" drugs as alcohol, tranquilizers, and sleeping pills openly pushed by television. Others look to religion, sex, encounter groups-everything from astrology to Zen. Television says your identity is to be found in the products you buy-the cosmetics, clothes, cars, and homes you "wear." But men and women who are wading in a surfeit of possessions are looking at their lives and asking, in the words of the popular song, "Is that all there is?" There must be more to life than commuting to boring jobs, in junky automobiles, through polluted air. There must be more relevant standards by which a woman can perceive herself than the silicone in her breasts, the spray on her hair. Television is already selling \$2 million worth of brassières annually to nine-year-olds. In The Beautiful People's Beauty Book, Princess Luciana Pignatelli said of her own body, "Sometimes I cannot remember what is real and what is fake." Whatever lies down that road, it is not human fulfillment.

"Even though we know we are being taken," said William F. Fore, a Methodist minister. There is a \$3 billion effort every year to get you to turn off to yourself and turn on to the values of commercial television: conspicuous consumption, superficiality, and the quick "pill" solutions to life's problems.

If you want to help, write the National Organization for Women [1957 East 73rd Street, Chicago, Illinois 60649], whose members are monitoring television's portrayal of women. Meanwhile, for yourself, slow down. Turn off television and its "rotten goals." Walk in the woods. Sit on the beach.

If you've tried that other brand in tests, and it hasn't brought the happiness it promised, what have you got to lose?

Last rites for a young marriage

FROM A SCREENPIAY BY EDNA O'BRIEN

Robert and Zee are playing table tennis again. Zee puts the bat down and walks towards the wall, disheartened. Robert watches.

Robert: Are you all right?

Zee does not answer and Robert

goes towards her, puts his hand on
her back.

Zee: Is it, was it, babies?

Robert: No, no no.

Zee: But you'd like them. You get on with them.

Robert: I suppose so.

Zee: That kid in your building, the Cypriot kid, does he still chat to you?

Robert: Yes, he has a bird now, a greenfinch, on his shoulder. Makes it do hoops and then for punishment he makes it go up and down stairs, hop, up and down seven flights of stairs.

Zee: Can't we have a pet?

Robert: They die on us. One cat, one hamster, and one canary, all in a row.

Robert: Look, why don't I do something cheerful for you? Take you up the street to that Italian place, it's new and it smells all right.

Zee: I can't go out, I'm in a mess.

Robert: You're not a mess.

Robert puts his arms around her. She rests her neck on his shoulder. He brings her over to a washbasin, turns on the tap, and splashes her eyes.

Zee: I'm your baby, aren't I?
Robert: Yes, you are.

Zee [timidly]: And I'll always be your baby, no matter whose lover you are or whose husband. . . . We should never have gone there, do you remember I had a hunch? I

said, let's not go; and you said, it would be unfair to Gladys. Well, damn Gladys.

Later at the restaurant, Robert is eating heartily, but Zee is not. There is a lighted candle on the table which she fiddles with.

Zee: I was going to have my nose done, I thought that might help, but then I decided against it, it would need more than my nose. I sometimes think that though I have nice eyes, and I have, they're not very friendly; and I hate myself often and I wish I was old, not old, gaga, but old, good, you know, like a woman in a chair with her family around her and her fruits and her flowers. I like night, it hides my ugliness; in my dreams I am not ugly, hardly ever. I often dream of people on bicycles, workmen and that, going

by. I dreamt the other night that a workman offered me a bite of lunch. He had a bottle of water and, believe it or not, a joint of roast beef, and we were in the middle of London somewhere, and he was carving me a bit of well-done roast beef. . . . What do you dream these days?

Robert: Oh, the same things, mortar.

Zee: You used to dream of a wolf. You said a wolf is dreaming me.

Robert: Oh yes, in the middle of nowhere.

Zee: The wolf and you never met.

Robert: We always missed each other by a narrow shave, but we were going to meet; that was the whole point. That was the intention.

Zee: We used to love the zoo. Sunday mornings. You did impersonations. You did a gorilla once and I got so scared I kept trying to make you stop and you went all gorillary, with arms and head. Robert begins to do it again.

Zee: No, it frightens me. Don't frighten me. Not now. Not to-night. . . . My husband is holding my hand under the cloth.

Robert: According to the news this evening, London is due for a small earth tremor.

Zee: My husband is holding both my hands with both his hands....

Robert: Zee, Zee. Whereabouts are you now?

Zee: Me?

Robert: You.

Zee: I don't know. I sit in my car—our car—the one you gave me, and I think I'm getting separated from everyone I ever knew or loved. People don't like me you see; oh they like me but they hate

me as well. Women ask me to put on their eyelashes for them, but they don't like me if you know what I mean. They don't trust me. Robert: Nonsense.

Zee: Do me the after-lunch people.

Robert does an impersonation of the boozy, after-lunch people in any street in London after lunch. The main thing is the eyes don't focus very well. If one eye looks up, the other eye does not correspond with it. Paunches are relaxed. He loosens the belt of his trousers for that. He signals hopelessly for a taxi. He impersonates a lahdidah voice.

Robert [lahdidah voice]: Where am I? Where's Sloane Street, where's Harrods?

Now he is in a bookshop, he says, and lists some scintillating titles. He is appealing to the assistant.

Robert: I think you've got some books for me, you've put

them aside; the name's Thompson, with a p; there's one supposed to be for a boy and one for a little girl. Could you write on the outside which is which?

Now Robert is talking to a group of protestors.

Itobert: But what can I do, for humanity, for God, for the government. If only I could do something, "Madam, so long as you don't eat white meat." [Normal voice] I mean it's fantastic, you get the poisons working, the old enzymes, bumping into prams, wham, a pram in the middle of the road, more than one death, two, twins.

Zee: No, we mustn't.

Robert: We mustn't laugh? We mustn't find the multitudes, idiot? Robert and Zee kiss each other good night and are about to enter their separate bedrooms.

Zee: Do you ever feel lonely with her, too?

Robert: Yes.

Zee smiles, but wearily, blows another kiss, and closes her door. In the throes of the night there is the noise of water running. Robert struggles with the decision whether to waken up or not. Suddenly he sits up in bed and clicks on the light. He gets out of bed and appears on the landing. The door leading to Zee's bedroom is open. He looks in and the tossed bed is empty. He crosses quickly to the bathroom door and tries to open it, but it is locked. He tries the door again but in vain. He rushes downstairs and to the kitchen. From the cupboard he takes a toolbox. He brings it with him and on the way up he hauls out a hammer. He breaks the lock and with his shoulder pushes the door in. The first thing he sights is Zee's wrists, gashed, in the bath of overflowing blooded water.

Eating and making love...

"A serious seducer shouldn't fuss about the hollandaise sauce."

BY QUENTIN CREWE

Eating and making love are, as it were, primary activities and, therefore, like the elements, inimical to one another. As water puts out fire, so chewing dampens ardor. The only meal that is bearable in bed is breakfast, of course. Only the Scots with their porridge or the



Texans with their steaks consider this to be an important feast. Neither, in the event, is a very physically skilled or romantically inclined people, and neither would stay in bed for breakfast in any case. The Scots, indeed, won't even sit down, let alone lie supine, to eat their porridge. Instead they wander round the room, holding their plates close under their chins, spooning in the oats (ruined with salt) like cart horses, pondering,

no doubt, with John Knox on the monstrousness of women.

Most people eat a trifling breakfast and so can have it in bed without fear of ruining their sex lives. That leaves lunch and dinner, and a great trouble they are, because we have so ordered society that it is at meals that we are mostly compelled to seduce people -whether our wives, our girl friends, or total strangers. It is perfectly ridiculous that mealtimes should be the high points of social intercourse, let alone any other kind. In many societies this is not the case at all; in others it is accepted only painfully. Early in her husband's reign, the Empress of Ethiopia used to attend dinner parties, but at the actual moment when she popped food in her mouth, a slave would lower a napkin in front of



her face. Something to do with the exclusion of evil spirits, but it also recognized that eating is not an occupation to be conducted in public. However, we are saddled with this problem. Girls expect to be taken out to dinner—I think we had better forget about lunch if we are going to get any work done—and so at dinner it is that we must enchant them.

Obviously we can be helped enormously in our objective by the restaurant. Exactly what makes a restaurant erotic is hard to analyze, but then no two people are the same in this respect either; but a few things are certain in the same way that some people have no chance.

To be too obvious is as fatal in a restaurant as it is in people. Some time ago a restaurant called the Boudoir opened in London. The tables had the canopies and the two front posts of a four-poster bed around them, so that at a casual glance couples dining there might appear to be in bed together. In spite of thirty varieties of vegetables, reasonable cooking, and a good wine list, the place folded. Girls thought one was taking them for granted.

I fear that to be erotic a res-

taurant should be expensive. This is a sad comment on women. The food should not be too good. This is a comment on women, too, but not an unfair one. If I were to be seduced, I would not want my seducer fussing about the niceties of hollandaise sauce; I would require his full attention. Singleness of purpose is the hallmark of a successful seducer.

Then I think an old-fashioned restaurant is probably a better bet,



if only for the waiters. Modern waiters set themselves up as one's equal, which is the one intolerable position. It does not matter if the waiter is superior and fierce; then the girl will respond in a maternal and protective fashion. Preferably, however, he will be cringing and servile, and one will appear masterful and sexy. If he is one's equal, there is (Continued, next page)

(Continued) danger that she will go off with him.

An oldish, classy place with indifferent food. What else? Candlelight. They still fall for that. Mirrors. Certainly, because women can only forget themselves if they can check their appearance every five minutes. Music is not neces-

sary, but it can help.

The seating is a matter of importance. It is a great mistake to suppose that being seated side by side is a help. It is a positive impediment. One may hold hands, it is true, surreptitiously; but any student of female character knows that that is not the point. Girls

want to be seen to be seduced. Anglo-Saxon girls at any rate. French girls may like the private-room bit, but not us. We like everyone to know that our lover loves us. So the table should be discreetly visible, and the seats should be opposite one another. That hand holding is of no importance. What

counts is the long look in the eye and it is very hard to achieve pseudo-accidentally if you are both facing in the same direction.

If you find a place with all these qualities and nothing happens, then you should consult your psychiatrist, go on a diet, or take your girl on a picnic.

Dick Cavett talks about . . .

Snorkeling, barracudas, Russian, Yalies, Martha Mitchell, and . . .

By CALVIN TRILLIN

Cavett thinks of questions he'd like not to be asked

Trillin: Can you think of any questions you'd like not to be asked?

Cavett: I'd like not to be asked if I think television is a cultural wasteland. And I'd like not to be asked whom I would have on the show if I had my pick from all of history.

T: By the way, Dick, if you had your pick from all of history, whom would you have on the show to discuss whether or not television is a cultural wasteland?

C: The hot borsch here is marvelous.

T: It's good to have a performer who stands up for what he believes, a man willing to take sides in these things.

C: Yes, I've taken positions on that and various aspects of the weather.

T: How do you feel about maneating sharks?

C: Well, there are two ways of looking at that.

Cavett acknowledges mastery of the Cyrillic alphabet

Cavett: [Who is sitting in the Russian Tea Room in New York eating hot borsch] See that poster in Russian? Leonard Bernstein.

Trillin: What do you mean-Leonard Bernstein?

C: The name on the left is Leonard Bernstein.

T: What makes you think that?

C: I've got a Berlitz book of Russian and I've been teaching myself to read it. Even though I don't know what it says. Leonard Bernstein must have played Moscow.

T: What has driven you to learn Russian?

C: Well, if I'm ever in a restaurant like this I can read the posters.

T: You've got a marvelous accent. It's the best accent I've ever heard from anybody from Lincoln, Nebraska.

C: Thank you. Do you see that sign way in the back?

T: Yes.

C: What does it seem to say.

T: "Ladies."

C: No, no. The poster on the wall next to that.

T: It seems to say "Hmrck."

C: Hmm, that's right. It does



seem to say "Hmrck." But that's not really what it says. It says "Peerce."

T: Franklin Pierce played Moscow?

C: Jan Peerce. Jan Peerce played Moscow!

T: I knew that already.

C: I'm exhilarated over this now. If the Russian waiter comes by, I'm going to read his name right off of him. Just let him come anywhere near here.

Cavett complains of curling toes

Trillin: Does having people ask you about whether television is a wasteland really make your toes curl?

Cavett:
How did you
know that?
T: That's a

figure of speech, Dick.

C: Not with me. That really happens. Whenever I talk to somebody after the show about some interview that I just found unbearable while I was doing it, I say that my toes were curled underneath my foot in my shoe. Meanwhile my exterior remains calm. Do I seem calm now?

T: Yes. Uncurl your toes, and let's get on with this.

Cavett defends the barracuda against calumny

Cavett:

You know that barracudas are not dangerous.

Trillin:

Next time you're near a barracuda, try to remember that.

C: I was near one. I took a lot of pictures of a barracuda once. It followed me for at least twenty-five minutes.

T: What you mean is that that particular barracuda wasn't dangerous. He was probably full.

C: All right, I shouldn't generalize. But most barracudas won't hurt you.

T: But how many does it take?

C: Well I'll admit that one past

C: Well, I'll admit that one nasty one would make up for a lot of friendly ones.

T: What do you think about piranha? Do you think they're dangerous?

C: Not very. They really aren't. They've had a lot of unfavorable press.

T: They've had a terrible press.

Next to Adolf Hitler, I don't suppose there's a worse press around.

C: I think you would find their ferocity has been exaggerated—all the stories about a native falling in the water and his leg being chewed clean before he could get out.

T: Probably only his foot.

C: Exactly. And the same is true of the barracuda: I'll tell you what happened. I had my new underwater camera that I was experimenting with, and suddenly there was a familiar five-foot shape ahead of me. It was our friend the barracuda.

T: I was going to guess a two-man Japanese submarine.

C: No, that came later. I started taking pictures of this barracuda, and taking pictures became more important than worrying about him. I realized at one point that I had let him get under me.

T: I believe Winston Churchill had some phrase about that—the soft underbelly of something.

C: Churchill? Churchill? Was he the funny old guy during the war?

Cavett reminisces about Yale

Cavett: I was at the Yale Political Union not long ago, on a panel called "Is Television Killing Our Culture?"

Trillin: Do you think it's a vast wasteland, Dick?

C: Well, the head of the political union opened by repeating the question and then called on me to begin. And I had one of those sudden inspirations. I asked him to repeat the question and he said, "Is television killing our culture?" and I said, "Yes," and got up and got my hat and coat to go.

T: I was at Yale a couple of weeks ago, and I'm sorry to report to you that there isn't any more mononucleosis. Remember when we were there—everybody had mono. People who thought they had colds. People brought into the in-

firmary with what seemed to be a broken leg. Everything was mono. Now nobody has it. It's sad.

C: It's always sad to see the old traditions fade away. The thing I found eeriest was that I walked across the Old Campus and guys would throw me a Frisbee or come over and talk or something and I realized that they go down and watch my show at night where I used to go down and watch Paar: the same basement television rooms, the same ancient television sets.

T: The same kind of guys making smart-ass remarks.

C: Throwing bits of hamburger at the screen.

T: Throwing Milky Way wrappers at the screen.

C: My toes are beginning to curl.

Cavett recalls calmness in the face of doom

Cavett: I'm sad about not having been to Europe the way I always dreamed of going to Europe when I was in the Midwest or when I was a student.

Trillin: Why don't you go on a student ship?

C: Well, when I get some time I try to balance off the more relaxing charms of the Caribbean against my fantasy of ramming around Vienna in a trench coat. We opted for the Caribbean this time. Then when the rains came I was haunted by the thought that if we had gone to Vienna rain wouldn't have made any difference: I'd still be snug in my trench coat.

T: I thought you were going to a place in the Caribbean where the sun was guaranteed.

C: We did. And it was rainswept

for days. They had never heard of such weather. People who had been there for thirty years—people as knowledgeable as a theater doorman—were astounded.

T: Did you see any barracudas? C: Only a couple of small ones, unfortunately. But I did have an odd experience snorkeling through a tunnel. A man who was a veteran of the area went into this tunnel under water and reappeared quite a ways down and said, "You can do it. It's very easy." Well, I thought, "I'm going to take a chance on this. If I die, a lot of people are out of work." So I dove down and on my first kick I hit the coral and my first reaction was to see if my leg was all right but I realized I had to get out of there and I only had one breath. And then I couldn't seem to find the end. Then I remembered a book I read on Houdini-when he was under the ice. He said the worst thing you can do is panic. Instead of getting scared, I got calmer than I've ever been in my conscious life.

T: I suppose you were trying to think of what Houdini said next after "Don't panic."

C: That's right. And I was trying to figure out what it had to do with being in a tunnel in the Caribbean. He was under ice. There isn't any ice in the Caribbean.

Cavett talks about comics, including Bob Hope . . .

Cavett: I love Hope, and I hate

cause of the political questions and his stand on the war and all. I grew up on the Road pictures and I look back on them now and see what a brilliant screen actor he is for comedy-or even in the moments he's called upon to be lightly serious. Even the way he stands up there when someone else is talking when he's emceeing something-it cracks me up. I suppose it's one of the lesser examples of how the war has reached everywhere: when you have to stop and think about your enthusiasm for Bob Hope in terms of having to apologize among certain groups of friends. ... and Martha Mitchell

finding it hard to justify now be-

Cavett: I was in the Watergate Apartments the night after Martha Mitchell made that remark about crucifying Senator Fulbright. I was trying to go to sleep and I heard banging. I thought the

radiator was starting to pound, but it didn't sound exactly metallic—more like wood. I was almost asleep and then I thought: "What if she's actually crucifying someone up there?"

Cavett boasts shamelessly of four-sentence multilingualism Cavett: If I went to Afghanistan, I'd have to study the language even if I were only going to be there for two days, because I just can't stand the idea of being completely out of it. It's really frustrating, because if I get four sentences of a language I can give the impression I speak it—because of my mimic's ear, which I'm going to have to give back to him one of these days.

Trillin: Do you mean that the people you talk to believe you're completely fluent?

C: That's right. They take me for fluent after my first sentence. Then they say their first sentence and I don't understand it. So I say something that covers, but I say it very well. So now they know we've had a conversation of at least three sentences, and they are still under the impression I speak the language very well. Then the fourth sentence loses me completely. I'm told the expression on my face at that point is very much like the expression of someone who is

Isn't it easier just to speak English? If you try to speak a language, you just put yourself at the mercy of someone who speaks it better than you do. I mean when you're trying to get your luggage back or when you're trying to avoid being arrested for anti-Soviet activities or something.

having a stroke.

C: But aren't they at my mercy a little bit? Because they don't know what I'm doing. I refuse to admit that I don't speak perfect Russian. I remain a mystery.

T: You mean being taken for a stroke victim gives you a tremendous advantage?

C: It all depends on what you want out of life.

Nudism

A short story by one of the major writers of the century

BY CESARE PAVESE

I went back to the torrent I had seen for the first time last winter. Now the weather was hot and, not surprisingly, the idea came into my head to strip off my clothes and go naked. Nothing but the trees and the birds could see me. The torrent gushed out from a cleft in the hill-side and then flowed down between high banks. Everyone with a body at all knows what a good thing it is to expose it to the sky. Even the roots protruding from the high banks were bare.

I bathed in the pool where, fully extended, I could just touch

bottom. The water was warm from its contact with the land and smelt of earth. Over and over again I plunged in, then threw myself down on the grass to let the sun burn me all over, while bright drops like sweat trickled over my skin. Above my head, between the treetops I could see the sky, looking like another empty pool. I stayed there until evening.

For several days now, I've spent every afternoon naked in the sunshine, walking about on the grass or the edge of the pool. Sometimes, though very rarely indeed, when I

throw myself dripping wet on the grass, I lose all consciousness of my body. This is nothing like the feeling of resentment and frustration I used to have, as a little boy, when I was made to undress and have a bath. Now I pull off my clothes in a mad rush, eager to find myself again and reappear, with a wildly beating heart. I was conscious, too, of a certain uneasiness lest something might happen to shatter my solitude, which means I should have to act as if I were prepared to be seen.

I m not talking about people in

general. On my way to the torrent I walked past fields where men and a few girls were busy with the harvest, but it was unthinkable that one of them might come upon me in this hollow in the ground, ringed around as it is by bushes and steep banks. I could hear the slightest movement of a quail or a lizard and so should always be warned in time to cover myself. My disquiet stemmed from a different cause and I found it not entirely devoid of pleasure. My state of complete nudity staggered and amazed me every time (Continued, next page)

(Continued) it happened, as if it were something of great importance I had achieved unthinkingly. Every time I stretched out, remembering to cover the nape of my neck, I knew the sun had its eye on me, searching out every part of my body from head to foot. What difference is there between me and a stone, a tree trunk, or a speckled caterpillar, unless it is precisely the mental disturbance I feel when considering the point. Now water and the sun have dealt

with me to their liking and have thrown a veil over me. Even in this I seem to understand that Nature will not tolerate human nudity and will do everything in its power to absorb the body as it does the dead. Sometimes I fancy I ought to stay in this place day and night. Instead, I go there every day and take off all my clothes, resisting the impulse, yet at the same time exposing myself to the gaze of Nature with as much pleasure as I can. Close by the pool is a hollow

where the grass grows high, always marshy, always in the shade. I go there sometimes to look around. The grass grows up to my middle, my feet are in the mud, but coolness is not what I'm after. I go in there to hide and come out at some unexpected moment even more naked than I was when I went in.

The shrill sound of birdsong above my head tells me they are paying no attention whatever to me. Everything is going on as if I were not there at all. Looking up-

wards from the bottom of this hollow, I see passing clouds and the way the treetops are rustling as if there were an abyss between them and myself. The wind doesn't reach me, down here. As soon as I have thrown myself down I forget town and country places. My horizon has shrunk to the narrow limitations of the pool. Idly, but with amazement, I watch a butterfly or a tree trunk, as I feel with my body the pulsation of the earth on which I lie. (Continued on page 126)

A homage to the San Francisco YMCA

It wasn't only good plumbing, it was good literature.

> A SHORT STORY BY RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

Once upon a time in San Francisco there was a man who really liked the finer things in life, especially poetry. He liked good verse.

He could afford to indulge himself in this liking, which meant that he didn't have to work because he was receiving a generous pension that was the result of a 1920's investment that his grandfather had made in a private insane asylum that was operating quite profitably in Southern California.

In the black, as they say, and located in the San Fernando Valley, just outside of Tarzana. It was one of those places that do not look like an insane asylum. It looked like something else with flowers all around it, mostly roses.

The checks always arrived on the first and the fifteenth of every month, even when there was not a mail delivery on that day. He had a lovely house in Pacific Heights and he would go out and buy more poetry. He of course had never met a poet in person. That would have been a little too much.

One day he decided that his liking for poetry could not be fully expressed in just reading poetry or listening to poets reading on phonograph records. He decided to take the plumbing out of his house and completely replace it with poetry, and so he did.

He turned off the water and took out the pipes and put in John Donne to replace them. The pipes did not look too happy. He took out his bathtub and put in William Shakespeare. The bathtub did not know what was happening.

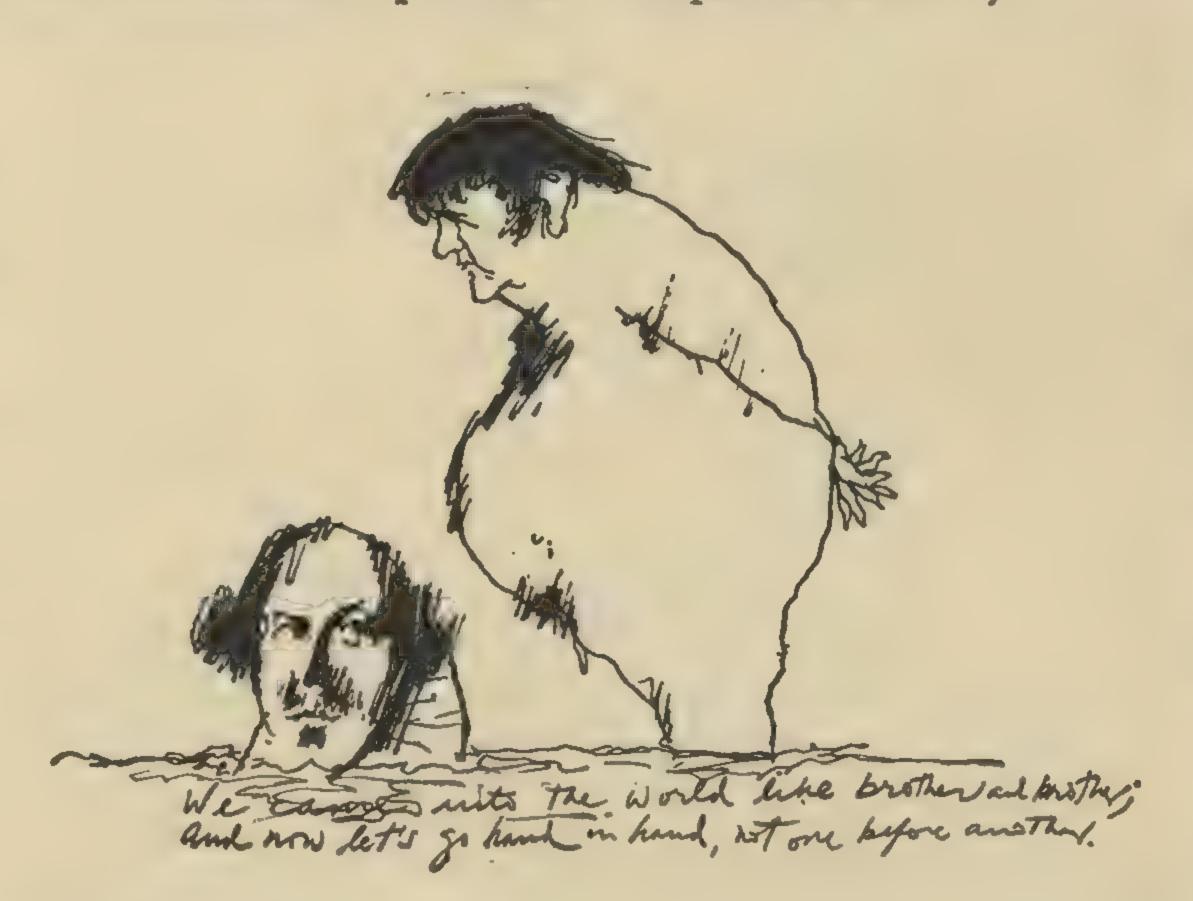
He took out his kitchen sink

and put in Emily Dickinson. The kitchen sink could only stare back in wonder. He took out his bathroom sink and put in Vladimir Mayakovsky. The bathroom sink, even though the water was off, broke out into tears.

He took out his hot-water heater and put in Michael McClure's poetry. The hot-water heater could barely contain its sanity. Finally he took out his toilet and put in the

heat up some Michael McClure to take a bath in some William Shakespeare and what happened was not actually what he had planned on happening.

"Might as well do the dishes, then," he said. He tried to wash some plates in "I taste a liquor never brewed" and found there was quite a difference between that liquid and a kitchen sink. Despair was on its way.



minor poets. The toilet planned on leaving the country.

And now the time had come to see how it all worked, to enjoy the fruits of his amazing labor. Christopher Columbus' slight venture sailing west was merely the shadow of a dismal event in the comparison. He turned the water back on again and surveyed the countenance of his vision brought to reality. He was a happy man.

"I think I'll take a bath," he said, "to celebrate." He tried to

He tried to go to the toilet and the minor poets did not do at all. They began gossiping about their careers as he sat there trying to take a shit. One of them had written 197 sonnets about a penguin he had once seen in a traveling circus. He sensed a Pulitzer Prize in this material.

Suddenly the man realized that poetry could not replace plumbing. It's what they call seeing the light. He decided immediately to take the poetry out and put the

pipes back in, along with the sinks, the bathtub, the hot-water heater, and the toilet.

"This just didn't work out the way I planned it," he said. "I'll have to put the plumbing back. Take the poetry out." It made sense standing there naked in the total light of failure.

But then he ran into more trouble than there was in the first place. The poetry did not want to go. It liked very much occupying the positions of the former plumbing.

"I look great as a kitchen sink," Emily Dickinson's poetry said.

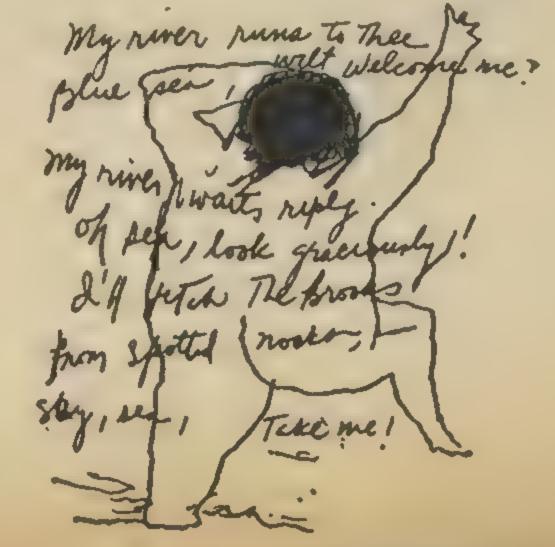
"We look wonderful as a toilet," the minor poets said.

"I'm grand as pipes," John Donne's poetry said.

"I'm a perfect hot-water heater," Michael McClure's poetry said.

Vladimir Mayakovsky sang new facets from the bathroom, there are facets beyond suffering, and William Shakespeare's poetry was nothing but smiles.

"That's well and dandy for you," the man said. "But I have to have plumbing, real plumbing in this house. Did you notice the emphasis I put on real? Real! Poetry just can't handle it. Face up to



reality," the man said to the poetry.

But the poetry refused to go. "We're staying." The man offered to call the police. "Go ahead and lock us up, you illiterate," the poetry said in one voice.

"I'll call the fire department!"

"Book burner!" the poetry shouted.

The man began to fight the poetry. It was the first time he had ever been in a fight. He kicked the poetry of Emily Dickinson in the nose.

Of course the poetry of Michael McClure and Vladimir Mayakovsky walked over and said in English and in Russian, "That won't do at all," and threw the man down a flight of stairs. He got the message.

That was two years ago. The man is now living in the YMCA in San Francisco and loves it. He spends more time in the bathroom than anybody else. He goes in there at night and talks to himself with the light out.

My Mother: a masterpiece cut adrift BY VIOLETTE LEDUC

EDITOR'S NOTE: Violette Leduc, the self-excoriating French writer, now sixty-four, continues her startling revelations, begun with the first volume of her autobiography, La Bâtarde, with this excerpt from the second, Mad in Pursuit, to be published this September by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Painfully selfaware, with looks she called "unpardonable" and an acute and often conflicting hunger for recognition and love, Violette Leduc entered the Parisian literary world at the end of World War II. In those years, 1945 to 1949, of Mad in Pursuit, she became friends with Simone de Beauvoir and Jean Genêt, had her first book published. Here, she looks at her mother.

Are you listening?" I said one morning, after we'd finished breakfast.

Ten o'clock. The sounds of the street outside. My grinding teeth. Oh, for the sleep, the cotton sleep of my yard in winter.

"It's a busy street out there," my mother thought aloud.

"It's a street!"

"How difficult you are. Think how lucky you are to be living in Paris."

"Without a penny, without a future."

"It was your choice."

I would wake up, I would get out of bed aching, without even the strength to pick a reproach. A couple of fine figures we make, I said to myself. Money or no money, we certainly need prettying up a bit even when we are just staying in; we scorn the cheap robes in the big stores so that we can make scarecrows of ourselves with our short skirts that don't cover our long nightdresses. And as for our lumpy old woolen jackets-rags and patches would be more honest. Bah, she would have answered me, that bottom lip thrust out in rehearsal for her old age.

"Are you listening?" I asked again.

"I'm always listening," my

mother said. "You smoke too much. You oughtn't to smoke in the morning. What is it you want me to listen to?"

"... When I'm out, the pavement gives way under me."

She stretched her head up very tall. "What do you mean? Explain?"

"... When I'm out, the ground suddenly flies out from under me."

My mother sighed.

"... I'm walking along, and I have to find a wall, a storefront to support me."

My mother gave an even deeper sigh. "You don't get enough to eat. It's the same for everyone these days."

I cut a cigarette in two and smoked half. I was obeying and disobeying. I went on.

"I can feel life draining away; the earth is going to open up; there's nothing to rely on any more ... I keep going, holding on to the walls; people think I'm drunk; and my body is empty, absolutely empty. Is it serious? Do you think it's serious?"

My mother took a deep breath, like a physical-training instructor giving a demonstration. "No, of course it's not serious! I see what it is now."

"What?"

"Stupid, you ought to be pleased."

"Why?"

"It's your change of life."

She was smiling at me: I had the innocuous sex of a little girl again; I was worthy of her trust. I was her peace of mind.

"My change of life? That's impossible."

A threat of storm in her face. "And why 'impossible'?" she said in a different voice.

"I'm too young."

My mother shrugged her shoulders. "Too young! You poor goose..."

"Why 'poor goose'?"

"Poor child, you've certainly earned it," she went on. "Now you can reap the benefit. . . ."

"What benefit?" I asked.

"You can take someone."

"... If you want to 'take' someone, then you must be made a little different from me."

"What's wrong with you?"

"Oh, nothing: I'm ugly."

"Be a woman," she cried, "and you'll find someone. Be a woman, for heaven's sake!"

Being a woman meant being deceitful. I didn't want her to say it.

"These unpleasant spells, can they go on a long while?"

"They can go on for ten years."

"Ten years?"

"Oh, yes. And consider yourself lucky. There are some women who go quite crazy."

"Perhaps I'll go crazy!"

"Ah, if I only had all you have now, you'd see," my mother said.

She sat dreaming. I wondered whether what I had would enable me to take men the way a restaurant owner takes the trout out of his tank.

an't describe my mother. She was aging now. She was a masterpiece cut adrift and floating with the stream. Time, if I let my gaze rest truly on her features, time had deprived me of her jabots, her bigbrimmed hats. Why remember when everything must vanish anyway? I clung onto her nose: That didn't change. Sometimes, when my heartbreak was unbearable, I took it out on my mother's eyes because I couldn't find the old steel in them anymore. I cast a veil over them, the inner eyelid of a bird, and time ceased swindling me with its drawn-out degradations. Sometimes I was nothing but regrets; I had still not sufficiently exhausted those hours, those minutes, those seconds during which my mother had been sure of her elegance; at those times I pulled down her mouth, I hollowed her chin, I emptied her eyes. That hardness in her face, where had it gone? What do you think of a blanquette de veau for lunch, she asked. Answer me, where are you wandering again? I am hiding in your voiles, in your boas, I am

wandering among your laces and your alpacas, I am standing to attention inside your starched fronts, I am holding back my tears behind your little veils, I am offering you your hatpins on their tray; open the pages of L'Asphyxie, pierce, prick, torment my heart, at seven years old, at five, it is all yours. Ah, the dizzying flights of time. Listen Mama, listen to me now: I was a painter in my childhood, I gazed at you, you gazed at yourself in the looking glass; believe me, my portraits of us both were works of art; I painted them with my passion, with my fresh eyes, though you can't see them because I carry them mingled one in with the other here inside me. Don't destroy my work with crackling varnish, don't crumble away.

We ate the blanquette. Our champagne? Our laments: her dismal life; her hard labor. I sat, an impotent recording machine: There was nothing I could do to extricate her. I complained in turn about my book's not selling.

"But literature is your life, all the same," she said.

She had me by the short hairs: She was talking about the past while referring to the present. Those days when I was discovering Proust and Dostoevsky at night, by the light of a single candle, an adolescent allowing herself to live at last. The great writers were my sustenance, in those days when I drew a little sustenance, too, from the fleur-de-lis on my paper knife.

I explained to my mother that though literature was perhaps my life, it was not exactly a job. I was living on the profits of my blackmarketeering still, and tomorrow heaven knew what was going to happen.

"If it isn't a job, what is it?" she asked.

"Wait, I have to think about that. . . . Yes, what is it?"

Excerpted from Mad in Pursuit by Violette Leduc, translated by Derek Coltman. Copyright © 1971, by Violette Leduc.

An ancient way to new freedom

A hard-thinking, powerful writer, finds strength in Sufism, the thousand-year-old Islamic mysticism.

BY DORIS LESSING

For a long time "mysticism" has been almost a joke in the West, although we have been taught that at the heart of the Christian religion have been great mystics and religious poets. If we knew more than that, it was that these people's approach to God was emotional, ecstatic, and that the states of mind they described made ordinary life look pretty unimportant. But our information, in a Christian-dominated culture, did not include the fact that the emotional road was only one of the traditional, and very ancient, approaches.

Recently, a feeling that the kind of education most of us get is not giving us information we ought to have has led to curiosity about Eastern cults, Buddhism, gurus of various sorts, or the dozen or so Yogas. Since the Holy Man, the Sage, has been no part of our cul-

ALL OF THAT

All of that I made
And, making, lied.
And all of that I hid
Pretended dead.

But all of that I hid Was always said, But, hidden, spied On others' good.

And all of that I led
By nose to bed
And, bedding, said
Of what I did

To all of that that cried
Behind my head
And, crying, died
And is not dead.

Harold Pinter

Poetry, a surprising side of the troubling British writer, whose plays include The Birthday Party and The Caretaker.

ture for centuries, we have had no yardstick to judge the gurus by; but the more eccentric in behavior,

wildly bearded, and sensational in utterance they are, the more attention they get. Our biases (since in the West we are preoccupied with money, the gaining and the keeping and spending of it) are likely to let us judge a Sage, genuine or not, by whether he takes money, and how much, and by the way he outwardly arranges his life. A man who lives in a damp cave on lentils is considered more holy than one who lives an ordinary life in society. But as a result of so many cults, gurus, crazy diets, people standing on their heads, meditations, and mantras, many sincerely curious have been put off and have retreated into an attitude summarized by this anecdote:

hat is your view about inner knowledge?" asked a dervish of a theologian.

"I have no patience with it."

"And what else?"

"It makes me sick."

"And what else?"

"The idea is revolting."

"How interesting that a logical and trained mind like yours, when asked for a view on a matter, can only describe three personal moods."

A Sufi would say that people living in a society where Sufism has been openly at work, and respected for what it offers, must regard all these attitudes towards mysticism as ill-informed, to say the least. "You will have to learn through that most banal of all things," says the Sufi to the would-be student, "you must learn through ordinary life." And he is likely to have nothing to say to people looking for excitements and sensational experiences. A dervish on a journey met a yogi who was trying to plumb the secrets of the animal kingdom. The dervish said that a fish had once saved his life, and the yogi exclaimed: "In all my years of meditation and discipline I have never approached such depths of knowledge! May I travel with you?" After some days the yogi said: "Now that we know each other better, do please tell me how the fish saved your life?" The dervish replied: "Now that we know each other better, I doubt whether it is

any use telling you, but I will: I had not eaten for three days, and I was starving. That fish saved my life all right."

Sufism works through such jokes as this one, books, lectures, all sorts of everyday activities. A Sufi can be a scientist, a politician, a poet, a housewife, the usherette in the cinema and may never be known as one, since Sufism may have nothing to do with outward appearance and behavior. It is in operation all the time, all over the world, in every country, sometimes openly, sometimes not. The people offering it can be well-known, as it were, beating a drum to say, "We are here." Or they may teach secretly.

But what, you ask, are they teaching? What is Sufism? In a Persian dictionary, the entry for Sufi goes, in rhyme: "Sufi chist? Sufi Sufi'st . . . 'A Sufi is a Sufi.'" This is not a form of coyness but an acknowledgment of the difficulty of defining something that must be experienced and in a different way for every person according to his or her state of development. "God is love" can be the highest experience man can have, or some words scrawled on a post carried by a poor old tramp-in between are a thousand levels of experience. How to guide the student from one level to the next is the knowledge of the Teacher.

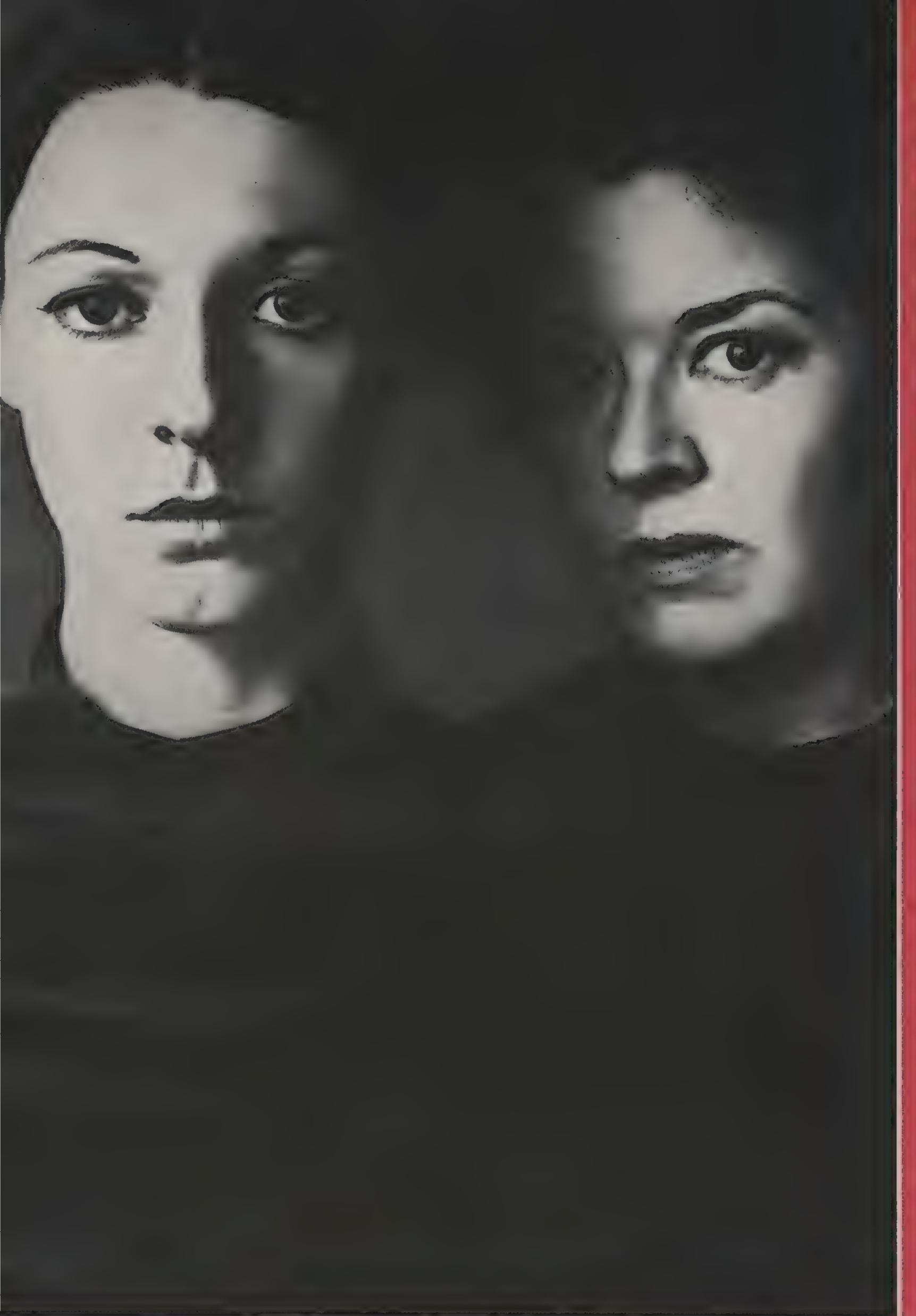
"Man must develop by his own effort, toward growth of an evolutionary nature, stabilizing his consciousness. He has within him an essence, initially tiny, shining, precious. Development depends upon man, but must start through a teacher. When the mind is cultivated correctly and suitably, the consciousness is translated to a sublime plane" (from The Sufis by Idries Shah). As Robert Graves wrote in his introduction to this book: "The earliest known theory of conscious evolution is of Sufi origin. . . . The child's slow progress into manhood or womanhood figures as only a stage in his development . . . for which the dynamic force is love, not either asceticism or the intellect."

Now, all this is at a far remove

by us as "rational." But it is no odder than things we do believe or institutions we take for granted. In the West we all live beside one version or another of Christianity and believe, half believe, or have to put up with some pretty bizarre ideas. Perhaps the most useful thing I personally have been invited to do in my own approach towards Sufi study is to "find out why you believe the things you do believe; examine the bases of your ideas."

Here is an approach to this philosophy that may seem a long way around; it is to take a look at those great Islamic civilizations that blossomed all over the Near East, Spain, Central Asia, North and West Africa, for a thousand years or more. In these, Sufism was always a strong visible force, dervishes being kings, soldiers, poets, astronomers, educators, advisers, sages. Sufism was the core of Islam. The contention is that the river of knowledge "from beyond the stars" that has run since Adam, through Noah and Abraham, and on through a hundred wise men and prophets, ran also through Jesus and then Mohammed. It is not a question of one's being better or worse than another, smaller or greater, but of these men's being different aspects of the same Truth, or Why, manifesting as Divine Messengers. Both started world religions, both fed the inner heart of religion. During early Christianity this inner knowledge was available, then was lost, or went underground. But it was able to survive the death of Mohammed and his Companions and to illuminate Islam wherever it took root.

But it is very hard for us to look in this direction at all: Our history has made it almost impossible. You can try this small experiment: Go down to the nearest paperback-book shop, and leaf through the first dozen textbooks on popular astronomy, the history of art, meteorology, medicine, psychiatry, archaeology. In each will be found versions of the following: "Between the decline of Greece and (Continued on page 125)



THEATER: Jane Alexander, Sada Thompson

Jane Alexander and Sada Thompson in Mourning Becomes Electra, directed by Michael Kahn at the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Connecticut; the first professional revival of the Eugene O'Neill play since its premiere in 1931—perhaps the single greatest play by an American. In the play, set just after the end of the Civil War, Jane Alexander, who starred in both the stage and movie versions of The Great White Hope, winning a Tony and an Oscar nomination, plays Lavinia, transfixed by the war and its effect on her family. Christine, her mother in the play, is played by Sada Thompson, whose tough, stunning performance in The Effect of Gamma Rays on Manin-the-Moon Marigolds, Off-Broadway, brought down a shower of awards. The revival, on June 16, of Mourning Becomes Electra, grim and foreboding, shot through with the devastation of war and family decay, could make it possibly the theatrical event of the summer.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

WHATTO

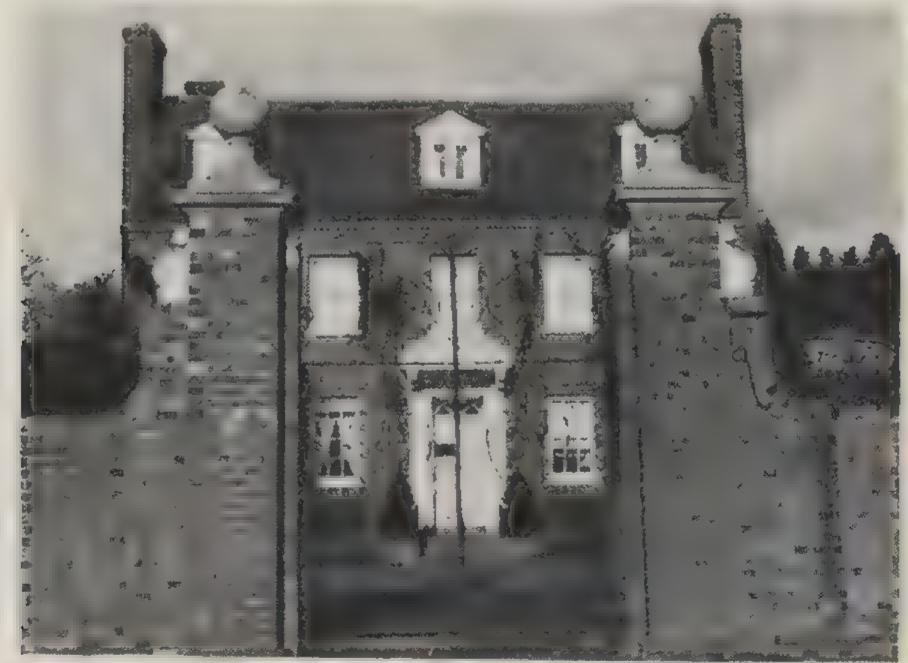
(Continued from page 86)

July 15-August 31. Kris Kristofferson, Newport Folk Festival, Newport, Rhode Island; the drawling hero-singer of country music with Earl Scruggs, Pete Seeger, and Arlo Guthrie, July 16-18. "For Children," Institute for the Arts, Rice University, Houston, Texas; touch, do, look with works by Calder, Cornell, Magritte, and Steinberg, through September 1.

AUSTRIA: Sigmund Freud Exhibition, Vienna, at the Twentieth Century Museum, from the end of July until October; the work and world of the great psychiatrist who listened to "the deafness of the mind," Read Ernest Jones's three-volume biography of Freud and see the extraordinary Art Nouveau Jugendstil buildings that remain. Salzburg Musie Festival, July 25-August 30, with the Vienna, Israel, and Czechoslovakia Philharmonic Orchestras and performance CZECHOSLOVAKIA: Jiráskuv Ilronov, Hronov, August; a charming ensemble of amateur theatrical groups. DENMARK: Scandinavian zoos are also progressive. At Givskud and in the Knuthenborg Park near Maribo, lions and elephants roam free. EAST GERMANY: Sanssouci and Potsdam, filled with Frederick II's lakes, gardens, and castles, particularly his palace Sanssouci now largely reopened and the Disneyland sections of Potsdam for his retainers from Holland and France—each in the national style. Nancy Mitford's Frederick the Great is a delightful inventory of the accomplishments of this Enlightenment despot. ENGLAND: Tintagel Castle, Cornwall, site of some of the most extraordinary archaeological digs of the decade-Camelot, or so they say. Glyndebourne Festival, Sussex; opera on the grass until August 3. FINLAND: Helsinki Festival, the old fortress of Sveaborg, haunted by the full moon, two weeks of concerts, opera, ballet, theater, film, jazz, pop, August 26-September 13. FRANCE: Louvre, Paris; the long gallery along the Seine, the Pavillon de Flore, with a second-story view of the river has been reopened as part of the museum. Take along Pierre Schneider's new book, Louvre Dialogues, meaty interviews with eleven artists including Miró, Giacometti, and Newman. Aix-en-Provence International Music Festival; Herbert von Karajan conducts there, July 10-31. GREECE: Epidaurus Festival, the Greek tragedies in their original amphitheaters, July 4-August 10. IRELAND: Puck Fair, Killorglin, County Kerry; the annual cattle fair that draws farmers, cattle dealers, gypsies. ISIRAEL: Israel Festival, Caesarea, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv; a staggering variety and quality of performances, including the Amadeus String Quartet, Die Kammermusiker of Zurich, the Open Theatre from the United States, and the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra with Zubin Mehta conducting and Jacqueline Du Pré, Pinchas Zukerman, and Daniel Barenboim as soloists, July 17-August 24. ITALY: Verona Summer Opera, the oldest opera festival; grand opera on an epic scale presented in the bestpreserved of the Roman arenas, until August. Siena Festival, the dazzling race in Siena's central square, decorated with medieval banners; a race run by ten horsemen flying the traditional colors of the city's ten districts, July and August. JAPAN: Gion Matsuri, the Yasaka Shrine, Kyoto; the festival begun in the ninth century, celebrating deliverance from pestilence in the most important of Japan's feudal cities, July 16-17. Kangensai, Miyajima, the Music Festival of the Itsukushima Shrine; elaborate sacred boats are drawn to the shore while classical gagaku (court (Continued on page 13)

Suntry house in flower

near London, for Prince and Princess Stanislas Radziwill



TEXT BY POLLY DEVLIN PHOTOGRAPHED BY HORST

Alive with flowers, colors—ravishing pinks and sharp Cantonese greens, faded Russian-y blues and enameled yellows—bursting with the delicious smells of herbs and flowers, Turville Grange, the country house of Prince and Princess Radziwill, is only forty-five miles from London but distances away in atmosphere, feeling, and texture. A retreat—a place for "pure family" and closest friends, where Stanislas and Lee Radziwill relax, ride, swim, read, paint, and play croquet and particularly spend time with their two children—Turville Grange is set, secretive and seductive, above the gentle and spectacular sweep of the Thames Valley, near Turville Heath, in Buckinghamshire.

The surprise of this house is that its plan and layout are at lovely paradoxical odds with its classic and delicate Queen Anne façade, tucked behind formal hedges. Its jigsaw of rooms, each interlocked to the other by ever-open doors and enormous swags of flowers, looks as though the rooms had meandered into the garden and stayed (Continued on page 128)

Fair-in-any-weather living

Turville Grange, above, a grille veiling its Queen Anne face, was an eighteenth-century bakehouse. The Radziwills restored, restructured this "irresistible mistake," added their own imaginings. Lee Radziwill, right, with her white Pekingese and her golden Labrador Retriever, at a double cross of chestnut trees—her choice spot in the park. Across the top, left to right: Painted flowers on silk shantung wall the entrance hall, layered over with eighteenth-century English watercolor flowers... Antony Radziwill, eleven, leading his sister's Welsh pony.... Garden flowers tiered up by the hall's old marble chimneypiece (fireplace in every room).... Anna Christina Radziwill, ten, with her cat Willow in the flower-arranging room.







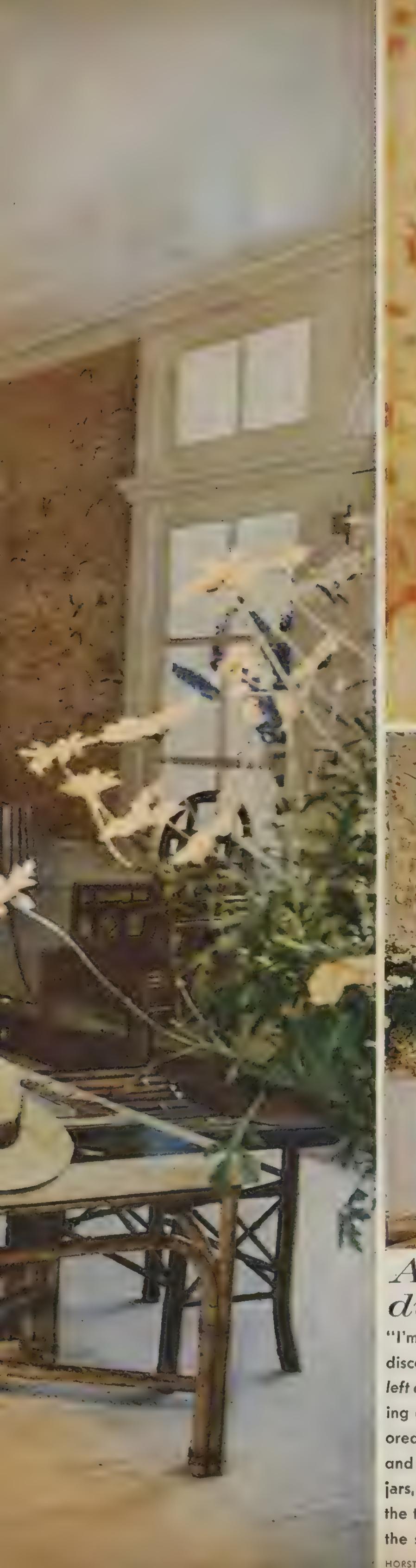


At the Radziwills: fantasy, unexpected pace

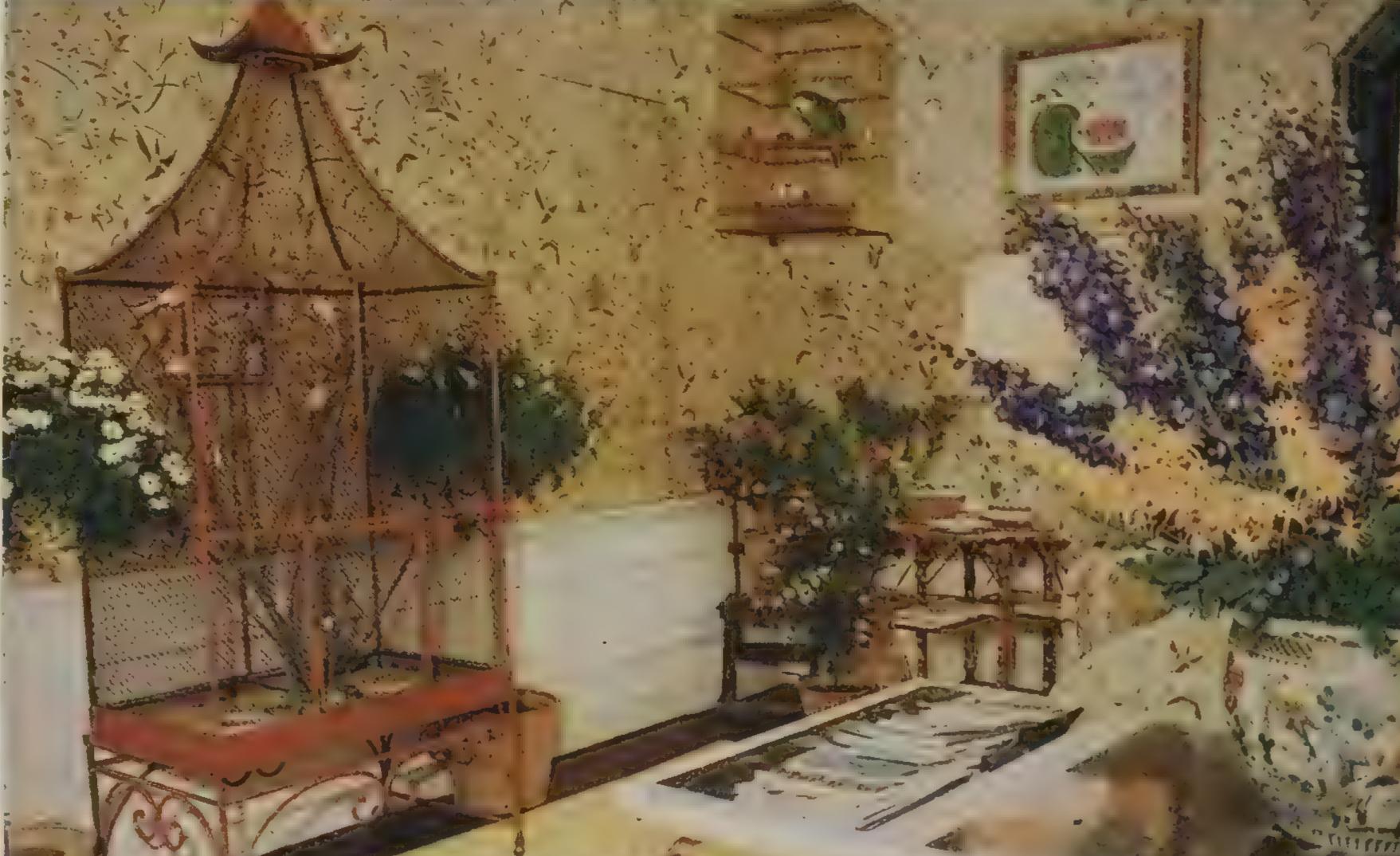
On a rosy brick terrace, top, an old Genovese cloth covers the table; here, Lee Radziwill paints "primitive" flowers and fantasy. Her fantasy ideas transformed the dining room, right: walls covered by Sicilian scarves, lacquered, flower painted (no room has plain paint-and-plaster walls); over the mantel, Lila de Nobili's portrait panel of Tina with her cat and her rabbit; family birds on flanking squares. Extra flower-wreathed space waits new designs. "I wanted a slightly faded look, a little of Turgenev," Lee Radziwill said; but—impatient, immediate—she insists that cloth and napkins on the always-covered round table change color and pattern for each luncheon and dinner. Tony and his dog shelter in a gypsy caravan, directly above, under tall elms, where Lee Radziwill holds her daughter's Welsh pony, Simon.











At the Radziwills: discovered gardens

"I'm getting passionately interested in gardening.... I now understand its intrigue: You are always discovering." Lee Radziwill, top right, in the springy, lively, overgrowing-with-flowers room, left and above, she turned over to music and birds. The room has a through-the-mirror sense of being another part of the garden it looks out on. Flower-fabric on the walls and sofas, carrot-colored canaries in a Victorian cage, a big green Polish-speaking parrot, nineteenth-century fruits and vegetables in framed watercolors—these are discoveries here. And flowers, flowers in bowls, jars, blooming on trees. The wrought-iron table base mimics bamboo. Through glassed doors: the terrace and fifty acres of gardens and fields where change is constant. "The eye changes the soul. . . . One of the joys of this house is that things happen . . . the garden changes." 105









At the Radziwills: pleasures floating

Afloat in an orchard of little green apples, Stanislas Radziwill's pleasure shell, a pavilion like a keelup ship, left, holds a heated pool, a sauna, has white Jean Harlow furniture and a jukebox. "It looks like the 'Queen Elizabeth II' coming at you when it's lit up at night." The Radziwills conjured up this brick-floored pool house and, behind their old bakery house wrapped in two centuries' additions, a cobblestoned courtyard, directly above, that immediately became Turville Grange's hub, circled by their new stables, a guest cottage remade from the old grain house, and Lee Radziwill's miniature herb garden. Garden mad, she eyed even her own bedroom, top, "The cracks between the floorboards are so large I'd like to grow plants in them." Instead, the wood is stenciled; silk taffeta squares cover the walls; silk taffeta patchwork quilts the bed hung in heavy linen toile. 107





Instant YOUTH the new real-life haircolorings

Now it's official: haircoloring has cast off the cloak of concealment for good, dropped the mask of subterfuge it wore for so long—and emerged, triumphantly, as what it is: simply, the most glorious cosmetic around. . . . Statistics show that half the women in America over age thirteen now use haircoloring, openly and happily, to change or accent the color of their hair. Of these, only about half are using it to camouflage grey. The rest are using it for the fun, the pure joy of the thing—from the teen-ager with her sun-gold streaks to the red-headed young charmer who buys three different shades of red haircolor at a time, uses them in rotation to add verve and coppery highlights, astonish her friends, keep from getting in a rut. They're reveling in the marvelous ego-building, spirit-lifting boost that bright, pretty, lively-looking hair gives a woman's looks and morale, at any age. . . .

hat's happened to haircoloring in the last ten-to-twenty years amounts to nothing less than a revolution. What caused it? Chemistry, that's what: unsung heroes in white coats, shaking up test tubes. What got shook up (and, ultimately, poured down the drain) was "hair dye," a heavy, opaque coloring that colored every strand of hair exactly the same lifeless hue, permitted none of the natural variations, the play of lights and shadows that living hair actually has. What emerged from the great shakeup was today's real-life haircolorings—accurately called "tints," because dyes, in any true sense, they aren't.... They are chemical marvels that duplicate with uncanny closeness the process by which Nature colors hair in the first place: by depositing color inside the hair shaft—in the cortex —leaving the outside layers (the medulla and the cuticle layer) uncolored, clear. As with natural "virgin" hair, light strikes through the translucent outer layers and glances off the pigmented area deep inside the shaft. This "seethrough" color is what gives hair its brightness, its highlights, its lively, healthy look—and most of its fascination. . . . So knowing are modern haircolorings that they can actually "lift" a few shades of natural color from the hair shaft, if a bit of lightening is wanted, then de- (Continued on next page)

New brighteners: Pattern-on-pattern clothes, color-bright hair. . . . Facing page: Pattern on pattern, color on color, all mixed together—great way to look this fall. More autumn brightness on both girls' heads—straight from today's genielike haircoloring bottles. Far left, hair newly minted in Lucky Copper, one of 33 verve-y shades of Roux's Fanci-Full Rinse. Near left, a cascade of sunstreaked blondness—happy result of Clairol's Happiness foam-in haircolor, in Ash Blonde. Maury Hobson coifs. . . . On the Lucky Copper girl: Flowered shirt by Gregory (Ameritex cotton); sleeveless wool-and-acrylic sweater, space-dyed, by Jack Winter. Shirt, \$15; sweater, about \$13. Both, Lord & Taylor. Sweater, also: Sanger-Harris. On the Ash Blonde girl: Patterned shirt; Indian-sign Orlon pull, short sleeves. By Herald House; \$13. Lord & Taylor.

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(Continued) posit the new color in its place. A drastic lightening job, though—deep brown to pale blonde, for example will require some pre-lightening before new color is applied.

he new, improved tints were first introduced by Clairol in 1950, a date as earthshaking in cosmetic history as 1917 in the annals of the Russian Revolution. Called "creme-in" colors, they were applied to hair strands with a brush or applicator by the parting-and-sectioning method—a technique many women, and most beauty salons, still prefer. It's still the best for an extremely subtle, sophisticated streaking job, or a drastic lightening-and-blonding. . . . In 1963, Alberto-Culver got it all together with a shampoo-in permanent hair-color, New Dawn—which flooded color directly into and through the hair without parting or sectioning—and the great do-it-yourself haircoloring movement moved into high gear. Since then, shampoo-ins (and the newer, even simpler, aerosol foam-ins) have been continually improved, made steadily easier to apply, more foolproof, more gloriously successful. They even include conditioners that leave hair healthier, bouncier than it was in its natural state. . . . Now, three-quarters of all the women who use haircoloring are do-it-yourselfers.

ost shampoo-in haircolorings, and the most popular ones, are "permanent" tintsthat is, they last until hair grows out again, which it does at the rate of 1/4" to 3/8" per month. Some refreshing of color at the roots may be needed before it's time to re-color the whole head; but, if the new color wasn't too far from your original one, it may not. . . . A smaller number of do-it-yourself haircolorings are "semi-permanent," which means they last through four or five shampoos. The semi-permanents color and brighten hair, but don't lighten it, since they contain no peroxide. They're great for experimenting with color, if you don't want to make the longer-range commitment to a permanent tint. . . . All the permanent and semipermanent tints perform superbly in the red-to-auburn range —rich dark reds, bright flame reds, coppery, bronze-y, or golden reds—that are currently rampant in Paris. Right now, some shade of red is probably the sexiest, most appealing and emotion-packed color any woman can wear on her head. . . . If this or any other color is a switch for you, another good way to experiment is with a rinse—simply a quick wash of color (why not the coppery red on page 108?) to flood through hair after shampooing, enjoy until the next shampoo.

s we've already said, 1971 do-it-yourself haircolorings are as foolproof as the most ingenious scientific minds can make them—it's virtually impossible for anything to go wrong, if you follow the directions. These are as lucid and detailed as a Michelin guide; read them first, follow them carefully, and you won't go astray en route to a glorious new you. . . .

Leslie Blanchard, hair colorist superstar, has this advice for do-it-yourselfers: "Always condition hair the day before you color—it helps to make the color more even, eliminates any dry, coarse areas there may be. Condition again soon afterward to counteract dryness. . . . Stay within your own shade range—don't go too far from what Nature intended. Consider the color of your skin; with a pink or rosy complexion, a cool haircolor is best—but with a cool, pale white face, flaming-red or black-black hair might be sensational. Think of it this way: hot face, cool hair; cool face, hot hair."



fake its a wig's the quickest BERT STERN color switch of all

Did you ever see skin like this? Fresh, dewy, beautifully textured. Happened thanks to Max Factor's masterful little Schiaparelli visagiste, Gil, and their brand new UltraLucent Waterproof Make-Up, a slick whipped creaminess specially formulated to last and last and last (very Neither-rain-nor-snow-norsleet . . .). Says Gil, "A good makeup is only as good as its foundation, and clarity and translucency of the skin are of the essence." Indeed. Creme Glow, here, with California Sunlit Blues Eye Shadow, Pink Vanilla UltraLucent Whipped Creme Lipstick, and bouncy high-gloss curls colored with an ash-brown Tried & True haircoloring. . . . A daisy to flaunt: Bulgari of Rome's glorious cabochon emerald seventeen-plus carats petaled with a dazzle of diamonds —in New York at Danaos at the Hotel Pierre.

and hair like this, all's possible

This sleek little, shiny wig's made of Monsanto's new superfiber, Elura: It's pretty, washand-dryable, and impervious to heat, which means—hurray—it can be styled under a dryer or in a wink with heated curlers. Perfect for quickchange types . . . and those contemplating a haircolor change. Coiffed by Suga. Challis shirt and flannel blazer by blassport. Bergere earrings.





BY ARNOLD A. HUTSCHNECKER, M. D. BY ARNOLD A. HUTSCHNECKER, M. D. THE SATISFACTIONS... THE SAFETY VALVES THAT CAN SOOTHE YOUR MIND OR SAVE YOUR LIFE

Hands can be loving and giving and hands can strangle and destroy. Ambivalence, the human mind's love and hate theme, has produced man's prodigious range of contradictions, his most inspiring creations, and his most hideous acts of destruction—all executed by a pair of hands.

In a less abstract sense, a pair of erotically charged hands can express desire and affection, just as cold hands can turn passion into frigid alienation. We wring our hands in despair and fold our hands in prayer. Hands talk.

Hands carry out what the mind tells them to do. A woman's hands may perform her daily chores routinely and with little satisfaction, or she can happily do the work that goes with taking care of her home, her job, her lifestyle, and her social obligations. But sometimes the mind is in a state of confusion, and the action that follows an impulse may be contradicted by a countercommand, because of fear or an ever-vigilant conscience or an unrelenting moral code—then one's hands may go limp.

If a woman has to stop short from acting out an aroused impulse of her love and hate drives, she experiences restlessness and painful frustration. Her hands may betray her inner state of disturbance and tremble and, like every other part of the body, cry out for action. At such a moment of intense conflict, a woman has two basic choices: to numb her agitated brain with drugs or liquor, with sleep or with sex, or she can sublimate her aroused energies in activities by doing something that is useful or pleasurable.

A distinction must be made here between using drugs, liquor, sleep, and sex exclusively and excessively as a means of escape or using them in a controlled, natural, and healthy way to add to the enjoyment of living.

Intuitively, women have known that doing something with their hands can give them a sense of relaxation and satisfaction. Today, many young people are examining critically the lifestyles and the values of their parents, searching for healthier ways of self-expression. As a result, we are witnessing a trend away from the last generation of bored, blasé, Martini-drinking women playing cards and Mah-Jongg and seeing a revival of artistic handicrafts. More and more we find animated hands crocheting, knitting, doing crewel work, needlepoint, or embroidery, hooking rugs, or making ceramics. The loom is being brought down from the attic, and slender, manicured hands draw, paint, and sculpture.

Among the avant-garde the trend to do things with their own hands is gaining momentum. Besides the desire to be creative, more and more young people don't drink and don't smoke and therefore feel a need to employ their inner aggressive energy with their hands. Macramé, the art of creative knotting, leatherwork, or tapestry, or any of the rediscovered skills, keep their minds at ease and their fingers busy.

This new swing towards manual activity is not only healthy, it is a challenge to the imagination of creative minds to explore new fields. The early exploration is stimulating and pleasant but it is the finishing of a job that gives gratification and helps to build self-confidence and self-worth.

Most of these activities can be done at home and are independent from the time of day or climatic conditions. Another area of great satisfaction, though it is seasonal, is gardening. Working outdoors with earth is sensuous to the skin of the hand. Besides being absorbing, there are few things which can be as rewarding as putting seeds or bulbs into the ground and watching them grow.

Weeding, which is part of taking care of one's garden, can actually be therapeutic, especially when one is upset. Just as hitting a golf ball

with a full swing, weeding can serve as an immense release from hostility. Hitting a golf ball may symbolically mean hitting the skull of someone who has angered us, while weeding can be a good outlet for our own rage. By tearing out a weed we get rid of stirring hostile im-

Gardening is a good example of sublimating self-destructive tendencies. The care we give a garden that makes the products of the field grow and the flowers blossom is one way to turn simmering self-destructiveness into creative action.

People who work with their hands may not know what takes place in their minds and what motivates them to work with their hands. Psychodynamically, doing something useful gives people satisfaction because it stimulates creativity and is a conquest of love over hate, of the creative instinct over the destructive or self-destructive drive. It is a defense against the fear of death or an unconscious death wish expressed in many psychosomatic illnesses or anxieties about illness.

Beyond producing feelings of relief or satisfaction, a woman who is able to express her emotional state or her mood with a brush and paint, or by giving a clump of clay a form of the mental image that has plagued or inspired her, can help herself to secure or regain her emotional equilibrium. At a moment of inner crisis—that is, at a time when one may feel trapped and hopeless and self destructive—the use of one's hands can be a life-saving procedure.

This, in fact, happened to a young woman, the mother of three small children, who described to me a desperate weekend of loneliness and unbearable frustration. Her husband had left her for another woman. She said that she had saved up enough pills to end her own life, but when her children, picking up her own fear and despair, became disturbed, she could not punish them for her own inadequacy. She could neither read, nor watch television, nor telephone any of her friends without becoming an utter bore; and she felt helpless and unable to put the children at ease. At a moment of utter despair she said she remembered what I had mentioned about another patient. About clay, and using one's hands! "Don't take in things, such as reading, watching TV, or even music." Indeed, at such a moment of inner turmoil all these attempts to relax are too passive, too much of an escape. "You must give out." The emphasis must be on giving and on doing.

She had gone to art classes for years, but it had never occurred to her to sculpt when she felt depressed. "I had always thought," she said, "that creativity is born in an air of joy. I did not think it could work the other way around." Nevertheless, she gave each child a lump of clay and as she started to knead the mass into a form her children tried ineptly to imitate every one of her motions. Time passed quickly and before she put the children to bed, she had an awareness of a new, rapturous feeling of peace that was enveloping them. There was suddenly a feeling that "we all belonged together" which dispelled her fear of loneliness. "I hope it is for good," she added, "and I think I have learned something important."

Ever since push buttons started motors to do the work heretofore done by skillful hands, many women may find themselves in the dilemma of what to do with the energies they have saved. An earlier generation's routine of Monday being washday and Tuesday being ironing day and Wednesday being baking day, etc., all the manifold activities have been replaced by women supervising their machines and gadgets and by using the precooked products which an inventive frozenfood industry so richly provides. Some (Continued on next page)







WORKING WITH YOUR HANDS

(Continued) women, liberated from a multitude of chores by pushing buttons and turning switches, may happily go about doing the many things they've always wanted to do, but there are many others whose hands remain idle because they don't know what to do with themselves; some may live with confusion or mental conflict that over a period of time has destroyed their confidence and has paralyzed their initiative for action.

A middle-aged woman, a fashion designer, married for the second time to an older man, made the terrible discovery that-emotionally speaking-she had married her mother; that is, she had chosen a man who was of the same personality as her cold, critical, ungiving mother. And it was precisely this mental rigid make-up in the man that had unconsciously attracted her. In her mind she associated the image of her husband with that of her unloving, authoritative mother, whodespite her lack of affection—was the only person, my patient believed, could fulfill her childish need to be protected and taken care of. As she realized how unimaginative, boring, and uninvolved her husband was, and that his initial concern about her had been a façade-behavior only, she became more and more irritable and depressed. These negative feelings mounted as she became aware of his increasing dependency on her. She had become used to the luxuries he provided, but she resented the demands he made on her. Unable to resolve her conflict and move toward a solution-either by leaving him or adjusting to the way he was-she acted like a naughty child who tries to get even with a parent by being difficult, rebellious, and unobliging, but with feelings of guilt and insecurity to follow.

During one of her visits—it was just before Thanksgiving —she complained bitterly about having her husband's family for dinner, including his married daughter who was nearly her own age. "I won't spend my time in the kitchen cooking for them," she said defiantly. "Everything will be catered." After a pause she added, "It's a pity; actually I am a very good cook."

She listened only reluctantly to my explanation of how she was defeating herself and how there is more joy in the doing of something useful than in the reward. Also, cooking

can be very satisfying and creative.

Something needs to be said about the greatly overused word "creative." I use this term to indicate constructive action that is motivated by a need to build or to finish something with a sense of originality and accomplishment. Any productive achievement, regardless of its worth in the eyes of the world, is an expression of our creative instinct. The criterion is whether it gives us pleasure. Thus the planning and preparation of a good meal is, in its way, as creative as composing a song or painting a picture.

The woman who has suffered a miniature crisis over a Thanksgiving dinner illustrates the attitude many people have toward the daily work they have chosen or that they are often obliged to do. By transference we can develop a liking for our work or a hatred of it. When we like our work we develop a rapport with what we do and then enjoy it; when we hate our work we end up mostly hurting ourselves.

The defiant woman who did not want to cook for her husband's family had left my office pensively. A week later, however, she reported that she had decided to do the whole dinner herself. While roasting the turkey and getting more involved with her preparations, she experienced the feeling of her resentment giving way to a sense of satisfaction. The praise of the guests later was secondary to her own feeling of accomplishment—she had done something well.

As human animals, we produce the energy necessary for our daily struggle with life and we produce an abundance of it. Only when we are sick do we seem to lack energy. This is not because the production of (Continued on page 131)



pattern the way only Halston—and you—can do it. The herringbone coat's a sensation! It's so narrow and easy and shrug-shoulder over the jacquard pull and the longer striped shorts in natching mixes of lavender, purple, white And why do you suppose it's such a breeze to make? Big needles. Goes like the wire. Will am Unger yarn; wool, mohair, Vinyon. Franklyn Welsh coif....

Tank top, longer shorts, directly above, clean as a whistle—the long, low kind—in navy with white. Nothing to it, if you've checked your gauge carefully. Which goes as follows: Make a trial swatch to see how many stitches per inch and rows per inch you knit; if your gauge differs from the pattern gauge, change the size of your needles and/or yarn so both match. As we said: easy. Bill Blass design, in Nomelle yarn of Orlon by Columbia-Minerva. Franklyn Welsh coif.

flip and big bright blacks of yellow, light blue, nevy. And what have you done to earn this one? It is the ly to come when you're sewing the color blacks together, so be sure they mater perfectly, sirch-for-stich. Design by John Klass, in Spinner'n wool. Maury Hopson coif....The deliciously flip little knitted dress, below right, has plenty of body to it—mostly your own—and plenty of color: yellow, navy blue, green. Preper blacking is vital for everything you knit, but more important than ever here. Scott Barrie design, in Columbia-Minerva Nantuk-dimension, yarn of Orlan. Franklyn Welsh coif.







crochet. Keep checking the measurements against your own because you want the top very, very sneg and the direct full. Designed by Oscar de la Renta, in Bernat wool....htere we go again, above right: This time, a one-piece dress with a green knitted tup—half the work and half the stirches on pig needles—and crochet skirt in green, pink, purple, black, red (done with an absolutely huge crocher hook). Oscar as 'a Renta design, in Bernat wool....What you're

getting below right (aside from a bit more work) is real sexy-kinen alteremisered derfully soft and everything purry and faminine. Knitted black top, Rippur, and crocher sleeves and flouncing skirt. The trick, sew alt ny elastic band on about three levels at the waist to keep the knitted top from stratching out of elant. Then—perfection. Chester Now design; Spinner's natural and Orien, From Molsh coils. To send for designs, see page 133. Access to a send for designs, see page 133. Access to a send for designs, see page 133.

VOGUE'S OWN BOOK SUCCESSIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



PATRICE CALMETTES

SUMMER

1. Tanned skin bared, seen, through sexy transparencies, in the most unexpected places: In Cornwall: Geshi in sexy suèdes—trousers slit at seams to the hips, loosely tied with suède thongs; weskit open at the sides, lattice-worked everywhere else. Peter Hinwood's rakish cape, a patchwork of furs. All gear from a London boutique called, interestingly enough, Love, Sex, and Conception. . . .



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE Continued



LACE together a racy pair of precut shorts of tawny goatskin with narrow thongs of pre-cut brown leather. It's all packed in a kit by Apaches Do It, Ltd. \$11. At Altman's. . . .



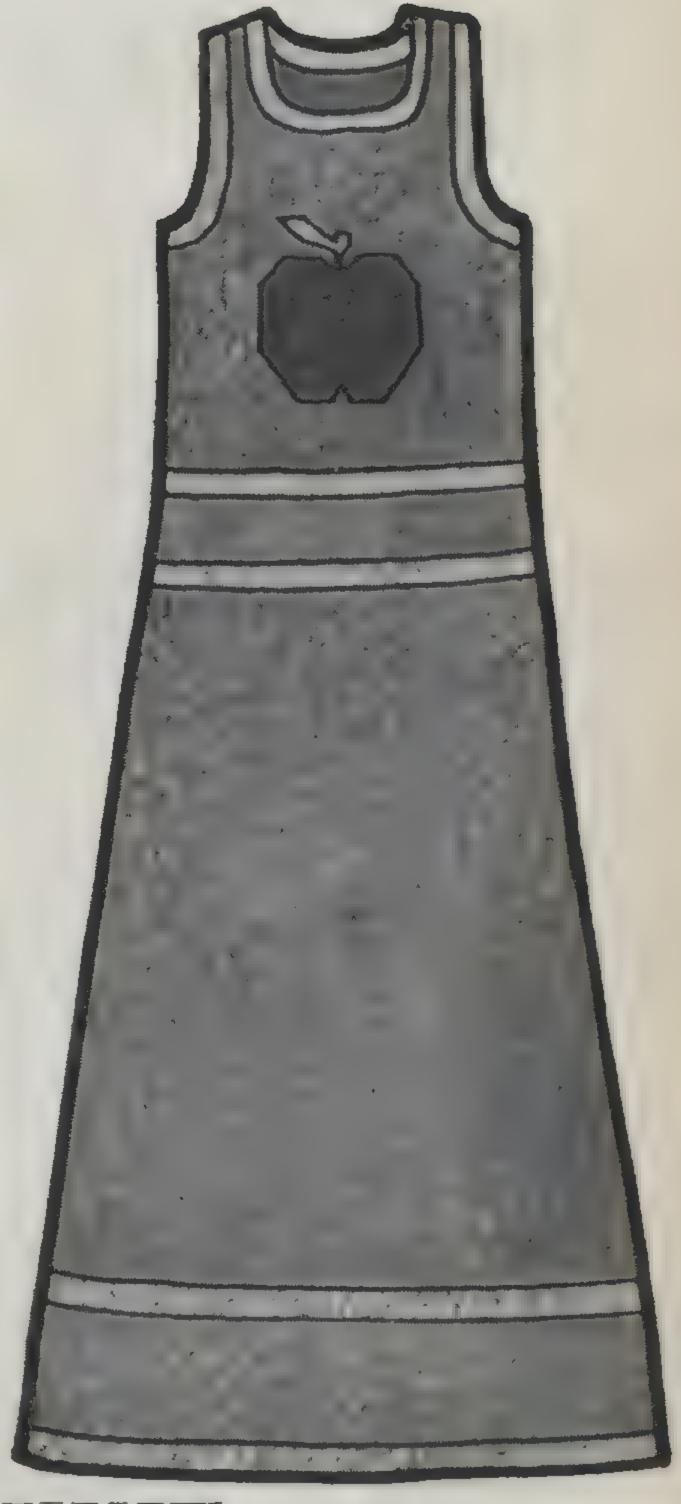


KNIT a bikini, LACE a suède shoulderbag from easy kits. Bikini kit by Regitze is packed with bicolor yarn, complete instructions. \$12.50. Suède moon bag with shoulder strap, by Kathy Duffy, comes in kit form: pre-cut suède, lacings, instructions for you to lace it together. \$12. Both kits exclusively for Irene Allen, 150 East 54th St. . . .

warm pair of pile-lined buckskin mittens. The Buckskin Mitten Kit by Grandoe Gloves contains everything you need: needles, heavy cord, pre-cut natural buckskin, pre-cut pile lining, instructions. \$10. Altman's....

SIAPE the finest, silkiest yellow straw hat into just the turn, the pull that makes it yours alone. Then pin a silk rose on—or maybe you'd like a tulip?—and off you go. Hat shape, from \$4. Flowers, from \$6. All at Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street. . . .





KNIT a sleeveless jumper in olive green, banded in creamy yellow, with a bright red apple on the front. The wool, complete instructions, in an \$18 kit by I Did It Myself, Mother. Bigi Department, Bergdorf Goodman. . . .

NEEDLEPOINT

your own boots: Pick from lots of designs by Veva—any colors you like—at Alice Maynard. When you've stitched the panels, return them to Alice Maynard and they will be mounted on handsome high leather boots. Alice Maynard, 558 Madison Avenue. . . .

(Continued from page 98)

Copernicus, science stagnated in superstition." "Those temperate latitudes in which all civilization has flowered." "Europe, the cradle of civilization...." "Science was the creation of the Renaissance in Europe." "Before Freud the unconscious did not exist." "Jung's theory of the archetype. . . ." A much trumpeted, and very flattering, history of civilization, on television, is the history of art in Europe—with a few side-glances elsewhere.

This attitude is always implicit in our scholarship. It is one of the great pillars of our thought; but while Europe lay in the dark for centuries, marvelous civilizations brought some sciences to levels we have not approached-medicine and psychiatry among them. Individually, each one of us may or may not be Christian; but like it or not, we are steeped in Christian history. The centuries-long wars with Islam are done with; but the residual mental blocks, the myopia, the parochialism, still cripple our thinking. Nor is it only Islamic cultures that suffer from our prejudices. When Copernicus and Galileo discovered that the earth went around the sun, this knowledge was not only a commonplace in Islamic cultures but, in Darkest Africa, cultures that our scholars are only just beginning to notice, let alone study, taught that the earth was the sun's planet. Long before Lister had to fight the medical hierarchy about germs and infection, African witch doctors were using antisepsis and other advanced medical techniques.

It is almost impossible for us to see Europe as it was, a little dark provincial fringe to great civilizations that sent emissaries, advisers, missionaries out of the plenitude of their arts and sciences to help the barbarians.

Then Europe came forward, in its particular contribution to human knowledge, technology; and it was the turn of the others to fall back. The newcomer, like an adolescent, has had to believe that he was the first to experience or to understand anything. But already this insularity is beginning to break down. When there has been an area of prejudice in a culture, a dam in the mind, the time of its dissolving is always exciting, one of sudden unexpected advance. As one researcher put it: "It is exactly as if great heaps of treasure were lying about in the open; but we were looking in another direction, we were hypnotized by the words

Greece and Rome."

But Sufism is not a study of past civilizations-it must be contemporary, or it is nothing. Why is it being offered again in the West now? For the simplest of reasons— Sufism works openly when it can, silently when it must. Even fifty years ago, the churches had so strong a hold on thought and morals that the introduction of this ancient way of thinking would have been impossible. But in an Open Society, Sufism can be offered openly; and perhaps we can now look calmly at the claim that it is a philosophy that can be hostile to no true religion, since all religions are the outer faces of an inner truth. As for people like myself, unable to admire organized religions of any kind, then this philosophy shows where to look for answers to questions put by society and by experience-questions not answered by the official purveyors of knowledge, secular or sacred.

"Man has had the possibility of conscious development for ten thousand years," say the Sufis. This thought shows itself differently in the claim that man is woefully underused, undervalued, and does not know his own capacities. I have believed this all my life, and that the idea is central to Sufism is one reason I was attracted to it. Put it this way: In a circus, every child born to a certain family will become a wonderful acrobat. Is this because these children have "acrobats' genes" or because they are expected to be acrobats? The implications shatter our assumptions about education. I must have read hundreds of manuscripts in my time. Very early on I saw that these authors have every bit as much talent as I have: All writers' early efforts are very similar. But some writers go on writing, others fall out: We live in a society where we all think in terms of success or failure. I am sure that the manifold talents, creativity, inventiveness of young children-who can sing and dance and draw and tell tales and make verses and whose view of life is so very clear and direct-could go on into adult life and not disappear, as tends to happen in our system of education.

We see as quite different the process of intense concentration of the scientist or artist that results in flashes of extraordinary achievement, telepathy, second sight, hunches, the intimations of dreams ... but these are seen by the Sufis as manifestations of the same thing, the first stirrings of this evolving part of humanity. But it

(Continued on page 130)

Douching vs. Norforms

(Once you make the comparison, there's no comparison.)

9:04

You decide to douche to stop embarrassing feminine odor.

9:05

You collect all that douching equipment from its hiding place. (Remember, later you'll have to hide it all over again.)

9:06

You begin mixing and measuring. (Oops—you just spilled some.)

9:10

You begin douching.

9:15

You're still douching.

9:20

You're still douching.

9:25

You're still douching...

9:04

You decide to use Norforms®, The Internal Deodorant.™

9:05

You insert one tiny Norforms. (Wasn't that much easier than douching?) And Norforms are the germicidal suppositories that stop odor in a way no douche can.

9:06

Doctor-tested Norforms kill germs, stop odor where it starts—internally. So safe to insert, you can use them as often as needed. And remember, with Norforms—no mess, no fuss, no equipment.

9:10

You know you'll feel clean, fresh, odor-free for hours with Norforms.



For women only! Free new 12-page booklet, "Answers to Questions Women Ask Most Often." Send this coupon to: The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Dept. V-07, Norwich, New York 13815.

Name	
Street	
City	
	Zip
De	n't forget your zip code

(Continued from page 96)

At intervals the shadow of a cloud passes over me and then the air is cooler. Plants that are almost invisible in bright sunshine show up plainly like a tiny forest. They see their reflections in the water, their colors softened, yet distinguishable at a glance. Then I stand up and shake myself. I am as bare as a tree trunk underneath its bark, cool and fresh as the air around me. I see the sky behind the trees is bare, too, bare and at peace.

The shadows increase and I look at the wood or the still water, but I cannot express what I see and think. The key words are "grass" and "roots," "stones," "mud," the splendor of it all-no other word will do-but my body will not accept it. Enter into the grass, into a stone, my body would say, but that is not enough. This hollow in the ground has a nameless magic. To realize that this is so, one must walk about in it, feel it, touch it. I have to make a real effort not to clutch at the roots and clamber up higher into the wood, between the thorny bushes and the green trunks, and walk about there. Instead, I content myself with discovering all I can about my own body.

If anyone were to come along when I've only just thrown myself down, dripping wet, I don't think I should bother to move. I'm as lazy as a block of wood. Water and sun, working together, are making me less and less active. They imagine they can cancel me out in that way, cover me up, but they don't know that instead they're making me more and more like an animal. They harden my body so that it is capable of acting for itself. When I get here, covered all over with sweat, I am seized with the crazy idea of plastering myself all over with mud. I scoop it up in handfuls and rub it all over me. Then I lie in the sun till the mud has dried. (This, too, is a way of covering myself.) In this way, when I've washed it all off, I seem to come out of the water more naked than ever.

Whenever the pool is almost stagnant and the water covered with slime, I'm satisfied to stretch out and reach clearer water, so that I come out clean. Somewhere below the surface there is a spring. The water from it is bitter and cold. I try to find it, rolling on my back in the mud or crouching like a toad under the big roots that overhang the water. The slime quickly becomes mud and a whole

afternoon is not long enough for it to become clear again. One might say the sun concentrates his most ardent beams on this hollow. It looks like the sky does in a heat wave. Now the water, being opaque, can no longer reflect anything. As I get out I still feel sweaty, with drops of water streaming down from my chest to my thighs.

After such bathes as this, the smell of swamp and mud is stronger. The hollow lies baking in the sunshine. There are rustlings, flutterings, a splash or two, and the song of birds. They seem to come from heaven knows where, but cannot be more than three paces away from me. It is at such a moment I forget I am naked. I close my eyes, and everything-the countryside, fruits, the steep banks, even a passerby, should there be one—all from then on reveal their own personality, their existence and living space beyond the trees. Everything has its own scent, its savor, its individuality. All this comes and goes inside my mind as I lie baking in the sun. Why should I move if someone were to come?

But nobody does come. Boredom does, though, indeed it does. I absorb the sunshine, the water; I wander about a bit and sit down on the grass, look around me and sniff. I go back to the water, but nothing ever happens. Little by little the shadow of a tree lengthens until it covers the place where I lie. A different freshness starts to fill the hollow, the stench of mud and of death increases. Now I can smell it as I smell my own body, which seems larger and more naked. Nobody comes, but why can't I go away?

The first time that whimsical thought occurred to me I felt terrified, but I soon laughed myself out of that. Now, to rid myself of the taste and smell, I run up the path I came down to reach the pool and stop between the low bushes where the grass is level. No longer am I conscious of any barrier between myself and the countryside. Beyond the trees I can see the plain where the cornfields lie. I throw myself down on the grass, lying on my back to face the sky in the last rays of the setting sun. I fear no contact, not even with the stubble.

The harvest is finished now and the fields are deserted. No matter which way I go, I never meet anyone. The pool is waiting for me and I mourn for the days gone by. The risk was well worth taking.

My mind turns to the people who bathe in the river Po, especially to the women who imagine they are nude when they have taken off their clothes and put on others. Up and down they walk over cement or sand, making signals to one another, glancing behind and chattering as offensively as if they were in a drawing room. Then they expose themselves to the sun, some of them slipping down the straps from their shoulders to gain another handbreadth of sunburn. They all undress and look around for their friends, but not one of them will put into words what they all have in mind -that their bodies are very different from those of other people. They have the courage to congregate in groups but haven't what it takes to do what they would all like to have done.

During the past few days I've enjoyed strolling through the fields under the eyes of men and women reapers and their oxen. Good folk who don't concern themselves with where I'm going. At any moment one of them could come to my torrent to wash or to quench a thirst and discover among the briars my body, burnt nearly black. Such people as these, if they think of going for a bathe, strip off their clothes without a moment's hesitation. Perhaps, though, they do not bathe unless they did so when they were boys. I walked close to the sheaves of corn and noticed the ears were dark brown, exactly matching my body. I watched the reapers stretch out their brown hands and bend their backs, their red kerchiefs fluttering. All the uncovered parts of their bodies are the color of tobacco. Their shirts and trousers are as earthy as the bark of a tree trunk. People like these have no need to go naked. They're naked already. As I walk among them the clothes I am wearing on my back seem to weigh me down. I feel as festive as an ox decked up for a parade. I wish they could know that underneath I'm as black as they are.

It's happened! One woman at least knows my secret. I had gone into the water to wash off the earth clinging to me. I was floating on my back with my arms outstretched, looking up at the clear sky, thinking of nothing at all. I straightened up, slipping about on the muddy bottom and I bent over to swill myself off when a woman walked across my hollow. She was tall, a married woman with a bundle of leafy boughs at her hip. She came towards me, not in the least surprised or concerned. She saw

me bending forward, my hands in the water, then she turned away towards the ravine, still carrying her bundle. I heard her paddle through the water of a spring, then she disappeared among the bushes. Her feet were bare. I saw her strong back reappear in the sunshine between the bushes and I heard her gathering more branches further in.

She had come down the path I used when I ran up to throw myself down on the grass. She must have seen me from up there, yet she calmly continued on her way, not even giving a backward glance when she had passed by.

Standing upright in the water, naked, I listened to the sound of her footsteps dying away in the distance. I was certainly more shocked than she was. Drops of water were running down from my skin. I went out to dry myself and I still couldn't believe it had really happened. How was it that I hadn't heard her coming? A woman's steps are different from a man's, but I wasn't thinking of that just then. I was thinking of the way she had looked at me, without a blush or any curiosity, as if it was a natural thing to happen. If she had paused, or spoken to me with a smile, that would have been very different. I should have covered myself and perhaps even touched her. In either case I should not have been so agitated. Yet she was young, for in this part of the world, wives lose their beauty early.

The chill of evening was falling and I felt even more naked. My thoughts turned to that woman's eyes. She was sunburned, too. Was she tanned all over? Certainly she had no need to be. That isn't what matters. What is really important for her is to be healthy and to produce fine strong children. She gets as much sunshine as she wants while walking about in the open air. The same sun ripens the fields and the fruit, for here everyone drinks wine. Grapes darken color, even when covered by leaves. The important thing to realize is that underneath there is a corporal entity.

She wore a dark-colored skirt around her strong legs and she walked heedless of stones or trailing roots. I can still see her striding purposefully into the wood to gather branches from the acacia trees that grow in such profusion there. They overhang the steep sides of the ravine and thrust out their roots. To me it seems they are peering down into the underworld and up to the sky. This is a hidden part of the wood, appeal-

ing to the senses with its dark shadows, its gloomy depths. By now the woman must be far away from here. Before me I see a bare ledge of veined stone that tells me the wood has its own individuality as the whole countryside has, covered with earth that in its turn is covered with growing things, naked and true to itself, as we all are. I touch my skin that still retains the warmth of the sun and I feel glad the woman saw me.

On my way home I pause for a chat at the crossroads where there is nearly always someone with something to say. Yesterday I saw Marchino and told him where I'd been. "I should go bathing there, too," he remarked. He's a sad-looking man with two-fingers length of beard and hard eyes but courteous enough not to ask if he could come with me.

He told me that tomorrow he (Continued on page 130)

RATTAZZI

(Continued from page 91)

as I don't smoke. At last I found them and went back. He made love to me. "Make me some coffee," he said. I couldn't find the coffee or the coffeepot or the matches. He had a wooden handworked coffee grinder. It took me forty-five minutes to make the coffee. He was reading, smoking in bed; he drank the coffee and then made love to me. Finally I said, "I have to go home." I put on my clothes and walked to the door. "Come back here," he said. "Take your clothes off, I want to make love to you." I took off my clothes, I cried. "You must learn to be a woman," he said.

After a few months I was completely destroyed; nothing was left of me, no brains, no personality, no nothing. I looked for myself and couldn't find anything. I was not there.

One evening I said, "No, I can't; I am too tired." We had not eaten or slept for twenty-four hours. We had seen every Piero della Francesca in Tuscany. I wanted to sleep, I was cold, I was hungry.

I didn't see him for a week. love to two different women who didn't say "No" just to prove that women wanted him, I was shaken by such pain that I trembled. "You want to destroy me," he said. I was so in love with him; he was my life. "You have destroyed me," I said.

And we went on destroying each other a little more every day that went by.

Then, one night, he told me he had found another woman. She really loved him; she knelt in front of him and said, "I only want you. I don't mind if you are in love with somebody else. I don't care if I see you once a month or once every three months as long as I know that sometime you will come to me." She made his coffee before

he woke up (she must have been awake all night), waited in silence while he spoke for hours on the telephone, never asked for or wanted anything except being made love to when he felt like it. He had come to need her.

My bones became soft, my head began to swim. I beat him until I was so exhausted I couldn't lift my arms. Then he made love to me.

The next day I left. My hands were blue from the bruises, my eyes swollen; I fought wildly against the desire to kill myself. He came to the airport and said, "I have never loved you so much. I have never wanted you so much. At last you have become a woman." I couldn't answer.

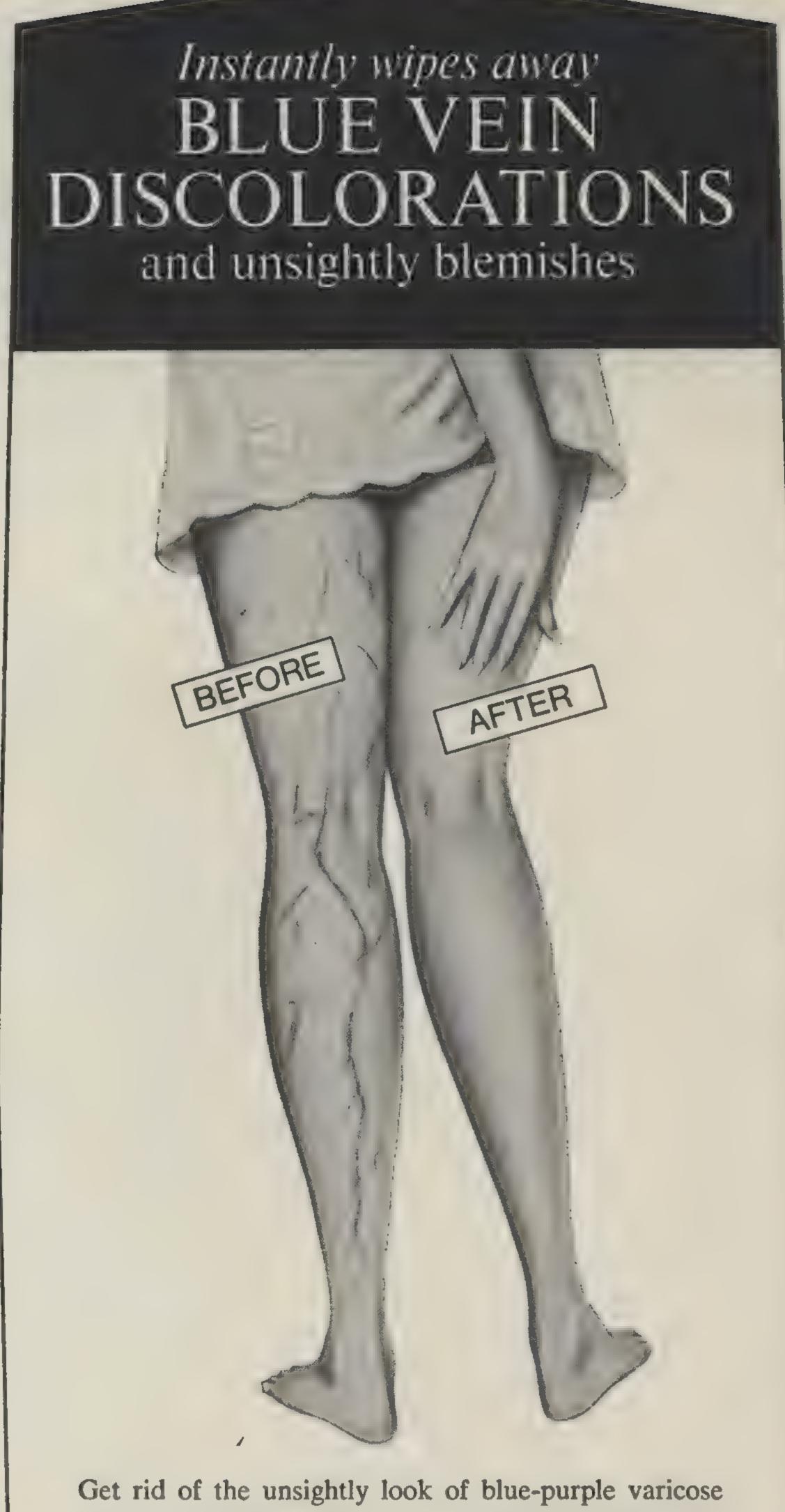
My son fetched me on the other side. He looked at me and said, "I am sorry, Mamma, I am sorry"; and while he drove me to his flat and I cried, he touched my arm: "One thing is certain," he said, "I am never, never going to fall in love for the whole of my life."

Later, I knew that if I had been able to be a woman the way my lover wanted, a tender slave, I would have been much happier. But it made me suffer to be considered a slave, and it made me When he told me he had made suffer even more to be told I was not a woman. My Italian blood said, "A woman is born to be possessed, to love, to serve, to be happy out of man's happiness." My American blood said, "Don't give in; man and woman are the same; they need one another; don't bow your head."

Years have gone by. He lives alone. I live alone. We were not strong enough, or weak enough, or lucky enough, or humble enough, to join our lives.

But that man taught me everything I know. He taught me that one can be alone. He taught me that when one gives oneself away, one should not stop thinking, working, living.

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VOGUE, July, 1971

RADZIWILL HOUSE

(Continued from page 100)

there—an impression emphasized by the prodigal explosion of flowers and by the birdsong, inside and out.

Behind the placid facade lies a house of vitality and excitement, backing onto a rosy cobbled courtyard, a courtyard surrounded on its other sides by guest cottages, stables, verandas, and herb gardens; and although the cobbles look as if they have been there ages, embedded in the earth, they were laid only five years ago. Indeed, making the courtyard and converting the guest cottages from old barns into the delicious redand-blue toile-hung houses they are now was one of the biggest jobs the Radziwills undertook when they found the lovely possibility that was Turville Grange six years ago.

They both love Turville now, but at first Lee Radziwill was doubtful of its potential. "I thought initially that we had made a mistake in buying the house. The rooms seemed small and hard to do anything with, and I wondered if perhaps we might not build a new house, one that would overlook the Valley. But there wouldn't be the eccentricities, the charm, the way the floorboards creak. I like the way this house strays and rambles about and how the rooms open off each other."

Born Lee Bouvier, educated in the United States, Lee Radziwill met her husband-whom she calls Stas-in London fifteen years ago. A member of the powerful Polish family, her husband is a highpowered businessman. They form a brilliant combination—a marriage of the old world and the new -and friends from all over the world gather at their town house in London that is, like Turville Grange, sparked by Lee Radziwill's panache. They love traveling, visiting friends and family in Greece, the United States, and Poland; but Lee Radziwill is at pains to dispel any image of her being in a constant whirl. "I appreciate serenity but have the spirit and curiosity of a gypsy."

At Turville Grange she is completely a country girl, in trousers and sweaters, long hair loose and free. She moves at speed, every action decisive, and has a marvelous feline wide smile accentuated by her deep voice, her English idiom peppered with American ex-

pressions, her laugh at odds with her dry wit, occasional ironies, and considerable vehemence.

Lee Radziwill set about turning Turville Grange into her family house with characteristic energy, sense of the special, and feeling for color. She recognizes her talent for knowing how things should look. "Although I am not always so good at executing, I know what I want. Here, I wanted a house of flowers, so that one wouldn't notice the weather if it were dull, rooms that would dance. A place that would always be gay to walk into—with the smell of log fires burning in every room.

"To me, the atmosphere of a house is all important. It can make you feel relaxed or pompous, tense or sad, and it's the first thing I feel when I walk into a room. And our London house is so much a town house that I wanted this to be a complete contrast. Soon after we bought it, I took an Italian friend of mine, Renzo Mongiardino, an architect and stage designer, to see the house and told him how I imagined it. He and I worked together, planned together, and pulled it together."

Now there is an eighteenthcentury feeling about Turville Grange—not because of its period. "Indeed," said Lee Radziwill ruefully, "the place has no architectural points whatsoever; but because of its tranquillity, its atmosphere, and the unexpected way in which its silences are broken, it seems of another time." The chief sounds here are the drumming of horses' hooves, the click of a croquet ball on mallet, cries of tennis defeats, wheels on cobbles, all the sounds of an English summer. "Although I came to England too late to be profoundly influenced by the English way of life, I love it; and I love all the things the English love-their passions for animals, the country, flowers, books, and the theater. But I am completely American. The children are American and European, and I am determined they will speak Polish."

Antony, eleven, and Tina, ten, have been going to school in London. "They are completely different," she said. "Antony is a farmer at heart and knows exactly what's happening at every moment in the country—on the place. Tina is artistic, paints, does ballet."

Lee Radziwill paints, too. "Oh, sporadically. I paint flowers and fantasy. It's fairly primitive and gives me enormous pleasure, until I get disgusted with how bad I think it is and give up for a while.

I think the children are the best company of all."

Across the gardens and beyond in the fields, under giant elm trees, stands a gypsy caravan given to the children by their parents one Christmas. There they give tea parties to their select. "Delicious," said their mother with relish, "limp biscuits, black tea."

The caravan is just one of the many idiosyncratic touches of Turville Grange. The whole house has a masque-like quality, a mixture of fantasy and the practical made fantastic—an airy pagoda filled with orange canaries, a barre for ballet practice in Tina's room, a kitchen garden with a gazebo in its lavish center surrounded by serried rows of peonies blooming next to cabbages and carrots.

"The eye changes the soul. Everything is in the eye; there is nothing better than change—to see things anew. The difference you feel when you see a brilliant blue sky, sun and shadows in comparison to a heavy grey rain. It affects your mood enormously—too much.

"Gardening has become a fascination, a frustrating challenge. I now understand its irresistible intrigue and have been amazed by the extraordinary forethought and advance planning that has to go into it—the failures and successes. Putting the right colors together is like painting. Every flower has its moment, and at that moment it is by far my favorite—the one I have waited for all year. But then follows a mass of pink ranunculuses, and I become forgetful and disloyal to the others I have loved. You are always discovering; it was a revelation for me to learn that orchids have parents! I am not sure my fingers are green, but a garden is like a house—it has to be thought about even more."

The dining room has the same fantasy. "I dislike dining rooms that are stiff and formal and look as though they were used once a year. I wanted this one to have a slightly faded look, a little bit Turgenev, a look of Russian summers with lace curtains, and everything old-fashioned. I so dislike the idea of formal entertaining and think people are at their worst then. Also, I can't bear to be tied down to dates far in the future. I can't plan my life like that. It seems presumptuous-it's the moment that counts."

The drawing room at Turville Grange is full of contrasting colors and textures, silks and rough velvets, porcelains and lacquer, but the whole effect is still. An unusual oval window that Lee Radziwill inserted above the fireplace gives counterpoint to the room's proportions. The walls make their own decoration. Louis XV silk panels alternate with others with a subtle Chinese motif, the whole bounded by friezes. "I saw the Louis XV panels years ago and fell in love with them and immediately bought them; I always wanted them in here, but there weren't enough to go around. Then Renzo Mongiardino suggested alternating panels, and he designed them and had his band of artists make them in Italy. I was slightly afraid the whole effect might be too busy, but it's not."

Running between the drawing room and the library-a dark masculine room at odds with the rest of the house, and hung with engravings of generations of Radziwill ancestors, each one more despotic looking than the nextis the garden room; and it's hard to tell here where the room ends and the garden begins, so much do they merge. An enormous green parrot scolds from its cage above the orange pagoda-aviary. "Stas has a great relationship with that parrot," Lee Radziwill said, laughing. "I haven't. If you notice, there's not a room in the house or the cottage that is painted. Every one has some different kind of material on the walls, which was one of our original ideas to build on."

There are fifty acres of field and garden around the house, and the Princess loves to ride them on her mare, Topaz. "I don't enjoy riding simply for riding's sake," she said. "I love going out to see what's happening in the country—how it's changing—and to appreciate the beauty and peace of it."

The gardens, like the house, ramble and meander absently into each other. A copse of rhododendrons borders a croquet lawn; a garden all silver and blue grows near to an avenue of baby trees backed by enormous elms, and this avenue in turn leads to a cool and shadowy chestnut wood where green light filters to a mossy Edwardian walk that stretches the breadth of the woods. "I like immediate things, I'm impatient. I mean I could never plant an allée of trees-I'd never have the patience to wait for them to grow, but I'm so glad someone else did! One joy of this house is that things happen all the time, the garden changes all the time. The whole point of Turville Grange is that one can do whatever one wants here. One can feel free."

VOGUE PATTERNS

(continued from pages 112 to 117; other views, yardages, details)

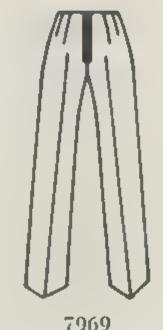




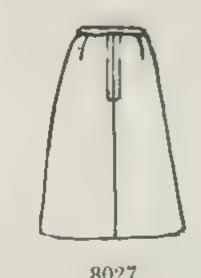
Above: Vogue Pattern 2458, page 112: Cropped jacket with raglan shirt sleeves, waistband; flap-pocket skirt with front vent and easy flare. Sizes 8 to 16. Size 10 suit: 3% yards of 54" fabric. \$4. In Canada, \$4.40.

Right: Vogue Pattern 7969, page 115: Smoking jacket with notched collar; straight-legged pants. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 10: 3¼ yards of 45" fabric. \$3. In Canada, \$3.30.





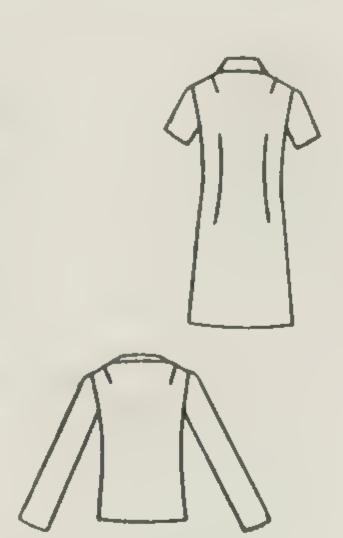


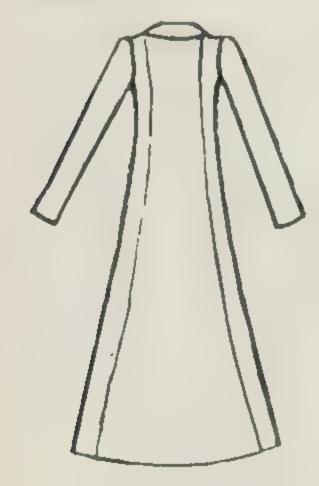


Above left: Vogue Pattern 2579, page 116: Double-breasted blazer with notched collar, patch pockets. Sizes 10 to 18. Size 10: 2½ yards of 54" fabric. \$4. In Canada, \$4.40.

Above right: Vogue Pattern 8027, page 116: Slightly flared skirt with inverted front pleat. Waist sizes 23 to 31. For 24" waist: 1¼ yards of 54" fabric. \$1.50. Canada, \$1.65.

Right: Vogue Pattern 7845, page 116: Easy, unlined cardigan; can be jacket or, the way we did it, lengthened to coat. Matching dress (we left off collar and sleeves) has a Talon zipper running neck to hem in front. Sizes 12 to 42. For size 12: 3¼ yards of 60" fabric. \$2.50. In Canada, \$2.75.





Left: Vogue Pattern 8112, page 117. Single-breasted coat with notched collar, slight flare. And matching shorts. Sizes 6 to 14. For size 10 coat: 2% yards of 60" fabric. Size 10 shorts: % yard of 60" fabric. \$3. In Canada, \$3.30.



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NUDISM

(Continued from page 127)

was planning to go swimming at a place he knew where a mill stream broadens out to form a lake and there is always running water. "If you'd like to come? . . ." he suggested. I raised the difficult point that I don't wear bathing trunks. "You know best," he replied. "With me there's no need to."

That same evening we went to the place he had told me of, where the channel broadens out into a lake with banks of gravel and willow branches beaten down by the sun. At this time of day the boys are all in the fields. We took off our clothes and put them down in a patch of shade, then entered the water. It was silvery and caressing, though full of sand. Marchino swam with powerful strokes, while I stayed where I was, floating and looking up at the sky. In those few moments I was still thinking of the countryside, the treetops and the life that goes on up there.

When we came out of the water I had a better chance to look at Marchino. He must have been half naked while working at the harvest this season, for the only pale skin he had was on his stomach and thighs. He was hairy, covered with fine blond hairs bleached by the dog days of summer. He was perfectly calm as he walked up the bank and threw himself down on the sand at full length, I turned my gaze away from him.

Between one subject of conversation and another we went back to the water to cool our heads. Marchino left it to me to talk of this and that, and he would reply at his own convenience after a while. Sometimes he spoke when I was already thinking of someknotted muscles of his chest that didn't move, not even when he took a deep breath.

He remarked that I must have spent a lot of time sunbathing to be so dark, almost black. "I didn't get it while working," I replied; "I'd rather be you than me, getting it that way. It's important to be tanned all over. Otherwise what a figure of fun you'd look on some special occasion!" We were talking idly, resting our necks on little cushions of sand. After a while he agreed with me and saw the funny side of it. He thought for another minute or two, and went on: "When they reach that point it's not our sunburn they're thinking

In my mind's eye I was watching the woman as she came through the wood. The thought struck me that Marchino would have been an ideal match for her. I felt inclined to tell him so, but how could I? Marchino would not have understood. It's typical of him not to think of things like that.

Approaching my hollow, I came between the trees above the ravine in the warm dusk, treading the path the woman had taken, walking cautiously. Any country place is far from being simple. Just think how many people must have come this way to create such a path. Every bank of the stream, every spot in the wood must have seen something. Every place has a name of its own.

Through gaps in the leaves, like little windows, I look up to the sky. Below it stands the hill and the level ground, both with their carpet of fields. Their gentle sweetness bears a hint of work and sweat, an atmosphere that enfolds the whole wood and the uncultivated corners it contains, betraying their nakedness. It is here, in such thing else. I was pleased by the wooded places, often marked by a

thicket or a special stone, the land lies naked and unconcealed.

I pause a moment on the fringe of the trees. This is where cultivation and the hard work it entails begin. A few clumps of acacia and alder, hanging above the cleft where the torrent begins, give the scene a wild, uncultivated air. I cannot go further in, since I am naked. This time I understand why, to undress, one must go down to the little clearing beside the stream; also why country folk wear clothes when they go into the fields to work and to clothe the land.

This is why the woman looked at me so calmly. She knew I was hidden, a luxury in itself. To see my body was much the same as seeing her own. She didn't know I was thinking of going out to the fields. Everything in the country has a name, but there is no name for a gesture like that. Neither she nor Marchino gave it a thought.

By this time the sun was setting, even here. I hear the grass waving about, making a rustling sound. Birds fly past; a deeper murmur lulls earth and sky. The land seems bare, but is not. Everywhere mists are rising, covering and sheltering the smell of sweat. I wonder whether there is, in the whole world, a ditch, a coastline, a little patch of earth not yet dug up and reshaped by hands. Everything bears the stamp of human observation, human language. It comes from the fields like a gentle breath, but does not reach my hollow, where water, liquid mud, and the smell of sweat stagnate all together and have nothing to say to me. Yet every day I find life there, but then I lie fully extended and almost black, like a dead man.

From Told in Confidence by Cesare Pavese, translation by Alma Murch, published by Peter Owen Ltd., London.

SUFISM

(Continued from page 125)

is easy to waste this potential, for instance, by using drugs to stimulate the brain or by self-induced ectasies. "It is only those who taste, who can know," say the Sufis, reiterating that this experience is not a question of intellectual development.

Every person comes to a point when the need is felt for further inner growth. Then it is wise to look for the Guide, the Teacher, the Exemplar, the figure central to Sufism, who shows others what is possible. This person, the product

of a certain kind of varied and intensive education, will be master not of one trade but of a dozen, learned through pressures of necessity, created by the people by whom he has been surrounded from birth, people whose duty it is to see that he should fufill all his capacities. The child will be protected from the narrowing and littling of ordinary education, from the idea that a person can be a tinker or a tailor but not both, or, if both, then he is to be congratulated on his versatility.

In Sufism the notion of "two cultures" is nonexistent; the idea that the arts and the sciences must

be hostile, absurd. Of the great figures who have successfully combined mathematics and poetry (and much else), perhaps Omar Khayyám is best known in the West. The products of Sufi schools are people who are prodigies from our point of view. Our forms of education produce nothing like them. People who, in our violent time, get whirled out of their little ruts through different countries, climates, ideas, languages, who have had to learn to earn their living in varied ways, who lose the arrogance of class and race are more likely to approach the Sufic idea of the whole man.

Idries Shah, who is bringing Sufism into the West now, is the product of this intensively varied education. He has been living in Britain for fifteen years and in that time has re-established Sufism as a vital force. He exemplifies Sufic versatility. For instance, he has just helped to decipher and to have performed ancient Egyptian music unheard by man for three and a half millennia. He has patented scientific devices. He has been journalist, explorer, traveler; has studied archaeology, geology, economics, politics.

He writes books on travel, anthropology, magic, Sufism, each unique in its field. He writes Sufic fables and stories of his own. He has written a prizewinning film script. He corresponds in Arabic, Persian, English, French, Spanish with experts in a dozen different fields. He is a husband, the father of three, and runs, from his home, the Institute for Cultural Research, which has hundreds of members

and is in vigorous operation. Two years ago he started a publishing firm, which has already put out a dozen books, all successful. But he would say: "Perhaps it is not me, but your ideas about the possibilities of man that are extraordinary." And he discourages all those who approach him with the idea of finding a "guru."

It does not do to say that a man, a book, an institution is Sufism, which is essentially something always the same, but always taking different forms. "If you encounter two institutions calling themselves Sufic, exactly the same, one of them must be a fake."

Those who are likely to recognize a Sufic current are those with noses for the fresh and the lively; and this thing might be anything from a person, a book, a sharply angled statement by a physicist at a conference, the attitude of a politician, a new trend in fashion, a poem, a play, a garden planted and tended in a certain way. In every

part of the world, the forms of Sufism differ, since they are shaped to fit the people living there. The way Sufism is being taught in Britain now differs from what happens in Morocco, Afghanistan, Greece, South America; the teachers and the institutions containing Sufism for this time are different from those in the past, and always changing . . . a far cry from what our conditioning has taught us to call "mysticism." Before you can even start on Sufic study, you must first try to "learn how to learn"and everything is unexpected.

Sometimes, when we look back over our lives, we may think: "I learned more through that experience than in all the rest of my life put together"; and the experience may be a tough job of work, a phase of a marriage, a serious love, an illness, a nervous breakdown. This way of learning, a time of crammed thoughtful living, is perhaps nearer to the learning of the Sufi Way than any other.

HANDS

(Continued from page 117)

energy has stopped; the energy is being used physically to fight the illness. Emotionally it is used up in conflict.

Healthy people, like healthy children, are playful and active. We need to use our muscles as we need to use our brains to avoid becoming sick or bored. We feel good when we do this.

Boredom is a stalemate situation that can be acute or chronic. It comes from discontent, either with the work we do or with a given situation, or the people we are with or the unfulfilled fantasy of being somewhere else with somebody else. Unresolved conflict leads to mental illness and depression. It is a sign that we have turned our productive energy and aggression against ourselves. In such a state of apathy, arms become deadweight, with the hands dangling.

In 1959, when I visited the Bechterev Psychoneurological Institute in Leningrad, I was surprised to find the occupational therapy rooms looking like a row of small factories. The busy hands of the inmates were producing pajamas, underwear, belts, shoes, hammocks, fountain pens, TV antennas, etc. The lifeless hands of lethargic patients were conditioned in a step-by-step process, first to do minimal tasks and then

to go on to more complex work. At the same rate that controlled energy was being applied, the states of depression diminished. Then an incentive was added by paying these patients the same salaries as workers received on the outside, thereby restoring their sense of their own worth.

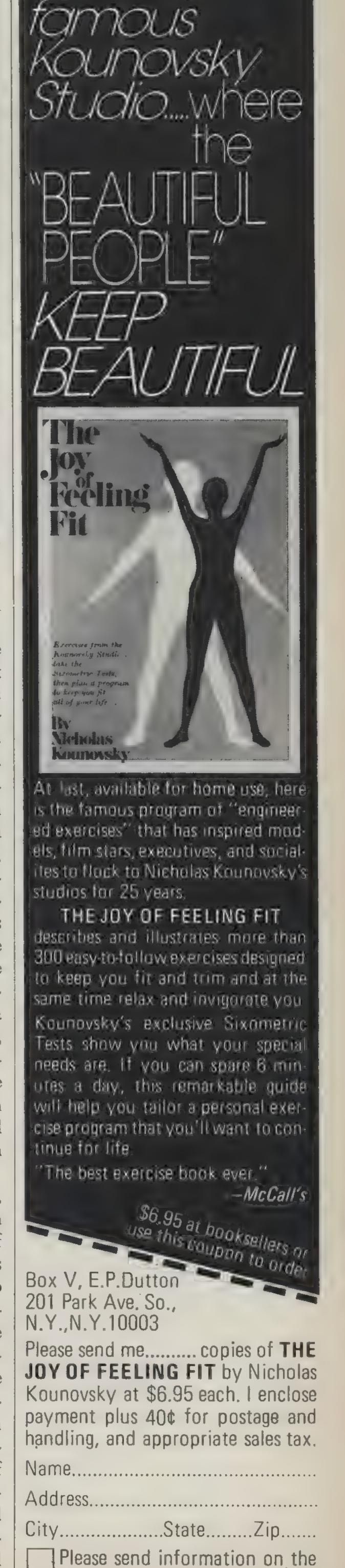
Using one's hands can turn a destructive impulse into an enjoyable or even creative experience. The present youth-conscious generation of women who think more in terms of adding life to their years than years to their lives may have come to know that enjoyment of both work and play are necessary to support one's will to live. Translating imagination into action strengthens that will and with it our basic creative instinct. At the same time it weakens our destructive drive. This is why we need to work. This is why we could not endure life in the proverbial paradise, which at best resembles the parasitic existence of the fetus in the womb.

When we enjoy looking at works of art, it is not because of the inspirational quality alone. We may identify with the struggle of the artist and the conquest of his or her creative power over stirring drives of self-destruction. Such a conquest may be a source of reassurance for our own creative thinking, though we may lack, at the moment, the full awareness of it.

Again, it is identifying with the emotional impact of creation

that stirs us when we listen to the music of great composers or look at the works of the master painters and sculptors. We feel aroused by their mastery. We sense their endeavor to turn feelings of disharmony and amorphism into harmony of sound and purity of form by directing their hands, which hold pencils, brushes, or chisels, to follow the command of their inner vision or need for self-expression. When we can see an artist's fingers touching or pounding the keys of a piano or vibrating the strings of a violin, we may be entranced by the interpretation of a composer's power or sensitivity, because it relates to our own emotions and expresses feelings we may not be able to articulate. In our minds we communicate and act along with the artist, though we may keep our hands still.

Our great thinkers and writers, too, have used their hands to push the pen for the transmission of ideas and thoughts and concepts and feelings by which they try to bring order into the chaos of human behavior and aim to give life meaning and direction. Our creations, small or big, whether done by masters or by ourselves-including the many simple things we can readily learn to do-give us enjoyment because they are products of an idea or a mere constructive impulse, first perceived in the mind and then executed to our satisfaction by a pair of well-directed and determined hands.



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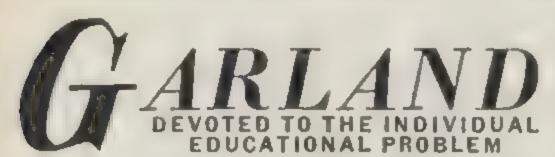
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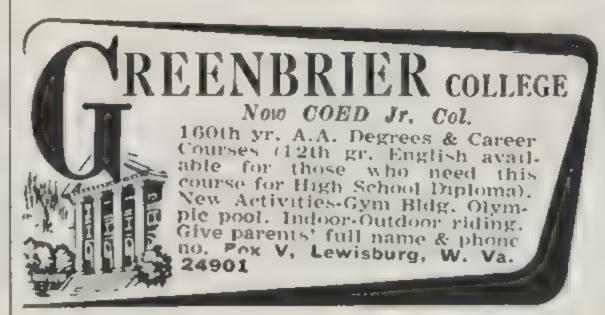
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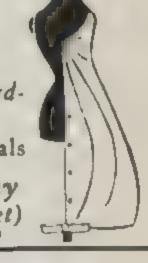
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ACCESSORY INFORMATION

COVER

Glen plaid blazer suit by Anne Klein. Echo neck scarf. Pocket scarf by Liberty of London.

REAL-LIFE FASHION

Page 51: Davidow suit. Lucy Isaacs chains, at Henri Bendel. Grandoe gloves. Hanes tights.

Page 54: Calvin Klein's blazer suit. Viola Weinberger gloves. Tights by Burlington. Shoes by Silvia of Fiorentina.

Page 55: Velvet blazer plus separates by blassport. Shoes by Beth's Bootery, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Hair ribbon by Mr. John.

Page 56: Spirit-of-Chanel suit by Tracy Mills for Laird Knox. Stanley Hagler earrings. Liberty of London scarf. Gucci shoulderbag. Belt by Elegant. Aris gloves. Hanes tights. Charles Jourdan shoes.

Page 57: Layered jersey dress by Adri for Clothes Circuit. Mr. John hat. Bracelets by Celia Sebiri, Bonwit Teller. Shoes by David Evins. Page 60: Swingy caped coat by Calvin Klein. Grandoe gloves. Shoes: Walter Steiger for Pancaldi. Page 61: Teal Traina's silver fox chubby. Polcini dome earrings.

Page 62: Suède cape by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. Roger Van S. chain. Charles Jourdan boots. Page 63: Fendi's short red coat. Shoes: Mario Valentino for Fendi. Page 64: Argyle pants turnout: Something! by Oscar de la Renta. Jewelry, Oscar de la Renta. Belt, Leighton Lonhi for Henri Bendel. Page 65: Miguel Ferreras wrap skirt. Bausch & Lomb sunglasses. Belt by Elegant. Pendant: Cazenovia Abroad. Boots: Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 66: Purple peplumed two-

piece dress by Francesca for Damon. I. J. Herman's hat. Heart pendant by Cazenovia Abroad. Tights by Beauty Mist.

Page 67: Juliano Knits two-piece dress. Bracelets by Magazine Shop.

Page 68 (top): Anne Klein plaid pants suit. Gloves by Bonnie Cashin for Crescendoe-Superb.

Page 68 (bottom): Cape coat by Victor Joris for V.&J. Design. Gloves by Bonnie Cashin for Crescendoe-Superb. Same bag.

Page 69 (left): Pirate pants by Miguel Ferreras. Rado watch, at Bloomingdale's. Latinas boots.

Page 69 (right): Two-piece knit dress by Dorothy Arden for Arbé Imports. Visor by Siobhan Leather Arts. Givenchy scarf. Hunting World bag. Belt by Elegant. Berkshire tights. Charles Jourdan shoes. Page 70: The velvet smoking by blassport. Mr. John hair ribbon. Big star by Yves St. Laurent. Small star by Willie Woo, Henri Bendel. Herman Schmidt & Brendle handkerchief.

Page 71: Calvin Klein's velvet blazer. Starry earrings by Eisenberg Ice. Flower Modes pin.

Page 72: Black feather chubby: John Anthony. Shoes by Beth's Bootery, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 73: Velvet smoking pants turnout by blassport. Bergère earrings. Star pin by Willie Woo, at Henri Bendel. K.J.L. bracelets. Mark Cross bag. Archer tights.

Page 74: Oscar de la Renta's dinner suit. Bonnie Doon tights.

Page 75: Flurry white chubby by Halston. Chadbourn tights.

YOU DID THESE YOURSELF?

Page 112: Raglan-sleeved red suit (Vogue Pattern 2458). Adolfo hat. Shirt: The Custom Shop. Neckband: Flower Modes. Grandoe gloves. Chadbourn tights. Shoes: Walter Steiger for Pancaldi.

Page 115: Panne velvet smoking suit (Vogue Pattern 7969). Hat by Madcaps. Bracelet: William de Lillo, at Bonwit Teller. Tights by Hanes. Shoes by David Evins.

Page 116 (left): Bright red blazer (Vogue Pattern 2579), black wrap skirt (Vogue Pattern 8027). Hat by Madcaps. Roman Stripe tights. Charles Jourdan shoes.

Page 116 (right): Red cardigan, dress (Vogue Pattern 7845). Adolfo hat. Coach Leatherware bag. Barrette: Bloomingdale's.

Page 117: Tailored reefer and shorts (Vogue Pattern 8112). David Evins red patent boots.

Page 118 (top): Halston's coat and shorts. Madcaps hat. Phoenix tights. Charles Jourdan shoes.

Page 118 (center): Knitted shorts and tank by Bill Blass. Shirt: The Custom Shop. Capezio shoes.

Page 119 (top): Sweater dress

–John Kloss design. Hat by Mr.

John—strawberries (and banana on the dress) by Celia Sebiri.

Page 119 (bottom): Flippy body dress by Scott Barrie. Apple pin: Willie Woo, Bloomingdale's. Phoenix tights. Shoes by Walter Steiger for Pancaldi, Henri Bendel. Page 119 (side): Betsey Johnson's knitted shrink and splotchy skirt. Madcaps hat. Phoenix tights. Shoes: Walter Steiger for Pancaldi, Henri Bendel.

Page 120: Bright pattern-andfringe knit dress by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. Willie Woo necklace. Shoes by Capezio.

Page 121 (center): Oscar de la Renta's skirt, sweater, shawl. Hanes tights. Delman shoes.

Page 121 (top): Knit-and-crochet dress by Oscar de la Renta. Hanes tights. David Evins shoes.

Page 121 (bottom): Sexy-kit-ten body dress—Chester Now design. Pin by Willie Woo. Bracelets by K.J.L. and Willie Woo.

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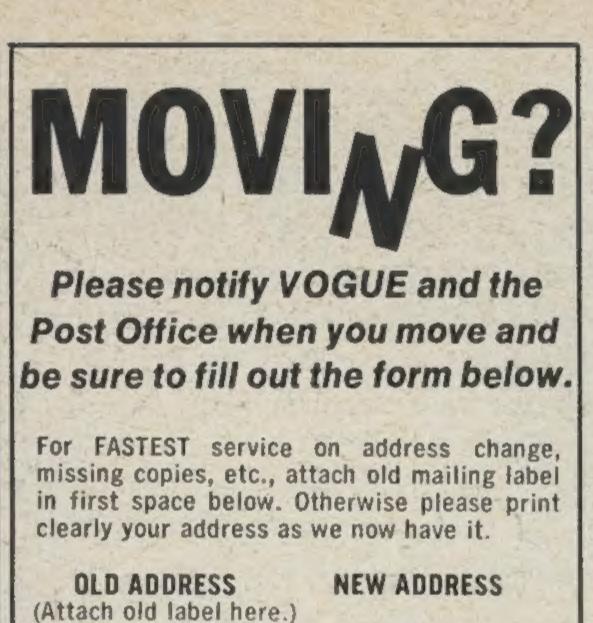
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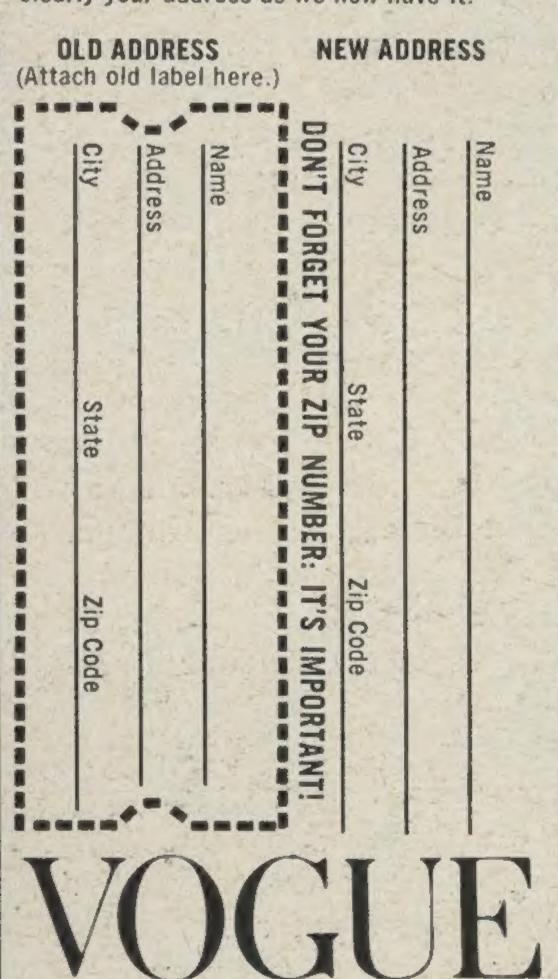
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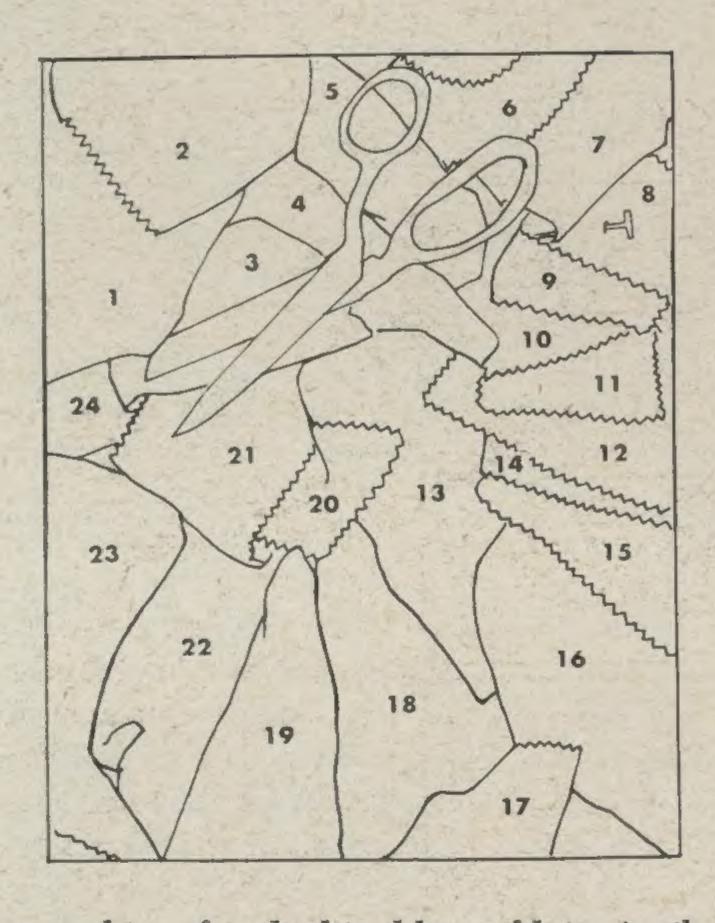
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KEY TO FABRICS

(Shown on page 113)



1. Stripe up a shirt of red-white-blue-gold in Avril and cotton. Fabric from Princess Fabrics. 2. Wonderful wool challis in a rednavy-and-green Paisley . . . to make a soft little body dress with a lightly gathered skirt. Wool loomed in America. Auburn Fabrics. 3. Silvery-grey fake fur will line your wrap-and-tie coat. Of Verel, acrylic, and Dynel. Glenoit. 4. Black-and-white jacquard knit-could be the sleeveless little snug you pull over your striped shirt. Acrilan and wool. Carletex. 5. Blue-striped chalky silk for the shirt you wear with every solid or patterned thing you own. Auburn Fabrics. 6. A supple, luxurious red suède light enough to work yourself-it will give you shorts, a coat, a glove-y little dress. Minerva Leather Company. 7. For day, for dinner-a shirtdress in this silky red. Qiana nylon shirting. Chardon-Marché. 8. Black-and-white printed cotton velveteen-perfect for a smoking. Cantoni Italian fabric. 9. Polyester black-and-white double knit, it will do anything, go with everything -maybe a vest and/or shorts? Texfi Counterknits. 10. Classic greyand-white striped wool flannel-proper pants-suit material, or a blazer and pleated skirt. A Woolmark fabric. Stevens Andover. 11. Just one yard of this knitted denim is all you need for a short skirtto wrap around your leotard. Polyester and cotton. By Spilke. 12. Smooth black-and-white striping—the makings of a very sharp shirt. Avril and cotton. From H. Bates Company. 13. Ribless red-and-blue jacquard print corduroy-make it a vest and put it under a navy blazer. Stevens Velmirage cotton. 14. And this navy wool melton is for that blazer-or a belted coat with a swingy skirt. Anglo Fabrics wool, loomed in America. 15. For velveteen days-and flaming nights-a sensational blazer in this fireball red cotton velveteen. Crompton-Richmond. 16. Shirt-tip: navy-based rayon foulard (and have enough to make a necktie as well). Apsco Fabrics. 17. For a patterned pants suit, try this navy-and-beige wool double knit. Pendleton Woolen Mills. 18. Do-it-yourself Chanel: a little lining, a touch of braid, and a skirt and cardigan of this multicolored Acrilan knit. Shirley Fabrics. 19. For the blossoming dress-life: soft orange wool challis scattered with little muted field flowers. Liberty of London. 20. Wrap yourself up in a great blanketing cape of Anglo Fabrics green wool loden cloth-and underneath, a suit in (21) this handsome green-black-taupe-white woven wool from Bellaine Fabrics. Both are Woolmark fabrics. 22. For evenings everywear-the blaze of this jewel-shot chenille raschel knit. Rayon and Antron nylon. Novelty Textiles Mills. 23. Wanted for shirts, dresses: yet another beautiful wool challis from Liberty of London. 24. A marvelous knit of navy-red-green checks, with the strength and the ease to make of it what you will . . . lopped-off pants, above-the-knee shorts, a tailored suit. Of wool knitted in America. Jasco Fabrics. ... The scissors to cut it all up with, from Higgins Cutlers.



columbia minerva mi

